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To E—

Pleasant journey  
and safe return  
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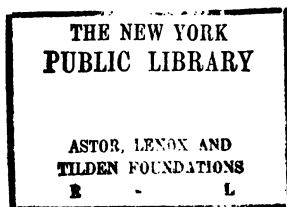




**THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
**CHICAGO                      AKRON, OHIO                      NEW YORK**



Copyright, 1915,  
By NORMAN H. CHANCE



Dedicated to  
My Friend  
ALFRED T. KINGSBURY



# APOLOGIES

"Blues are the soggy calms that come  
To make our spirits grope,  
And steal the breeze of promise from  
The shining sails of hope."


The object of this volume is to dispel "soggy calms."

Having collected these germs of wit and microbes of humor for his own amusement and others' amazement, the author and compiler issues them, trusting they may lighten gloom, aid retarded digestion, lessen doctor bills and be the means of forcing all the starch from poor suffering dyspeptics into their shirt bosoms.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," according to Holy Writ and since the average "American Sovereign" may have mislaid his court jester, this volume will assist him in the process of being metamorphosed from a lean and hungry Cassius into a portly and plethoric Falstaff.

Lest some one arise with the cry of plagiarism upon the appearance of this volume I hasten to remark that,

"He preacheth best who stealeth best  
All thoughts both great and small;  
For the great mind that preached them first  
From Nature stole them all."



Acknowledging indebtedness to Mr. Berton Braley, Leslie-Judge Company, The London Snark, Puck and others who "saw it first," this collection is published, hoping the livers of all readers will work better and their eyes weep as many tears of joy as have those of the author and compiler, who greatly regrets full credit cannot be given to all, as many of the authors are unknown.

NORMAN H. CHANCE.



# CHANCE HITS



One laugh is worth one hundred groans in any market.

\* \* \*



## THE FOX TROT IN BUGVILLE

As the sun colors the flowers,  
So laughter colors life.

**PRIMA FACIE EVIDENCE**

Policeman (to man in the road)—What was his number?

Victim (run over by motor car)—I didn't get it; but he is a barber.

Policeman—How do you know?

Victim—He must be. He went over my face twice.

\* \* \*

**WELL PUT UP**

"Isn't she well preserved?"

"Yes, considering the 'jars' she's been in."

\* \* \*

As long as the sap of my maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. Happy is he who has a friend in need. But he is truly happy who has no need of a friend.

\* \* \*

**A CHANGED MAN**

When Brown first wed, he told of what "I" did or was to do; The "I" was changed into a "We" in just a year or two. And after that throughout the rest of his poor henpecked life, He lost his own identity and talked about "My wife."

\* \* \*

**WHY HE QUIT**

"I'll work no more for that man Dolan."

"An' why?"

"Shure, 'tis on account av a remark he made."

"An' phwat was that?"

"Says he, 'Casey,' says he, 'ye're discharged!'"

\* \* \*

The hen is the only animal in Nature that can lay around and make money.

### CROSSING THE LINE

"How old is that child, madame?"

"Not quite twelve."

"Well, you will have to pay full fare for him coming back."



### NO POPCORN FOR HER

A farmer boy and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening in town watching the people pass. Nearby was a popcorn vendor's stand. Presently the lady remarked:

"My! that popcorn smells good!"

"That's right," said the gallant. "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

\* \* \* .

### TWO CONVERSATIONISTS

"Nothing lost here but the squeal," declared the pork packer. "Are you as economical in conducting your business?"

"Just about," answered the visitor. "I'm in the lumber business. We waste nothing but the bark."

\* \* \*

When down in the mouth, think of Jonah; he came out all right.



A better name for butterfly would be "flutterby."

\* \* \* \*

A fly and a flea flew up the flue;

Said the fly to the flea,

"Oh, what shall we do?"

"Let's fly," said the flea;

"Let's flee," said the fly:

And they fluttered and flew through a flaw in the flue.

\* \* \* \*

### NON-SUPPORT

"I return to you the crutch,

For which I paid you far too much,"

Said a cripple to a rich crutch maker;

"For it has not got the strength

To support my body's length;

Proving beyond a doubt you're a faker.

Now make good, or I'll report

That I've grounds for *non-support*

To the common pleas court and Judge Baker."

\* \* \* \*

### PROOF

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty? Say, a one-legged man would offer her his seat in a street car!"

\* \* \*

### AS USUAL

"When I started in business," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I worked twelve hours a day."

"It's different now?"

"Yes. Now I have so many things to look after that I work sixteen hours a day."

SAID THE MAIDEN TO JOHN

"You must go, dear John," said the maiden fair,  
 "And not keep me out in the cool night air;  
 Be more like the trees, and keep within reason;  
 Don't *pine—spruce* up—*bow* and *leave* in season."

\* \* \* \*

SAID JOHN TO THE MAIDEN

"Adieu, heart of oak," said John to the maid.  
 "I greatly regret, and am very much afraid  
 You're not the peach that I hoped to seize on,  
 At least so long as your mind's full of trees-on."

\* \* \* \*

DESCRIBED

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is appendicitis?"  
 "Appendicitis, my son," answered the deep-thinking father,  
 "is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy  
 and remove his entire bank account."

\* \* \*

SURE SIGN

Pretty Cashier—You might give me a holiday to recruit my  
 health. My beauty is beginning to fade.

Manager—What makes you think so?

Pretty Cashier—The men are beginning to count their  
 change.

\* \* \*

NOT FOR HIS EARS

An illiterate girl in the north of Ireland used to get the post-  
 man to read her sweetheart's letters to her, but always very care-  
 fully stopped his ears, so that he should not hear what he was  
 reading.

## EVERYBODY KNEW

At a social gathering a little girl I know recited *The Charge of the Light Brigade*. Reaching the line "Into the jaws of death, into the mouth of —," she paused and looking around added: "Where papa told uncle to go to last night."



"How is Patrick since the accident?"

"Sometimes he's bether, and sometimes he's worse, but the way he swears and yells and takes on when he's bether, faith an' I think he's bether when he's worse."

\* \* \*

Conductor—Here, Pat, you're ringing the bell at both ends of the car.

Pat—Faith an' I want both ends to stop.

\* \* \*

A tip is a small sum of money you give to somebody because you're afraid he won't like not being paid for something you haven't asked him to do.

\* \* \*

The beauty about thirst for knowledge is that there is no "morning after."

DESCRIBED

Knicker—I love the good, the true, the beautiful.

Stella—This is so sudden; but I am sure father will consent.

\* \* \*

Diner—I say, waiter! Remove this cheese quickly.

Waiter—Isn't it all right, sir?

Diner—Oh, quite all right; but it's eating my bread.

\* \* \*

"You may give three important illustrations of the power of the press," says the teacher to the class. The pupil who has hitherto distinguished himself is first to reply: "Cider, courtship and politics."

\* \* \*

I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden.

\* \* \*

The words "Love, Honor and Obey" have been eliminated from the marriage ceremony, and the words, "Stop, Look and Listen!" substituted.

\* \* \*

SELF PROTECTION

"Dat ol' man o' yoh's is a purty good provider."

"He shows his sense," replied Aunt Chloe. "He wants to keep me busy occupyin' dis here skillet as a utensil instid of a weapon."

\* \* \*

"What we want," said the publisher, "is the terse, hard-hitting modern style of expression."

"I know," replied the writing person; "the stuff that sounds like profanity with a little benzoate of soda in it."

\* \* \*

When you give a nickel to a blind man with a roller organ, do you do it because you pity the man or because the music makes you apprehensive of your immortality?

**WHY THEY WERE THERE**

"I am here, gentlemen," explained the pickpocket to his fellow prisoners, "as the result of a moment of abstraction."

"And I," said the incendiary, "because of an unfortunate habit of making light of things."

"And I," said the forger, "on account of a simple desire to make a name for myself."

"And I," added the burglar, "through nothing but taking advantage of an opening which offered in a large mercantile establishment."

\* \* \*

Don't waste your time figuring out why a black hen lays a white egg. Get the egg.



Drinking is a bad thing—it was a hot sling that killed Goliath.

\* \* \*

LONDON.—Israel Alexander Symmons, London's West Side Judge, interprets "nagging" as "the constant reiteration of unpleasant truths."

\* \* \*

A young man wrote a young lady, "I proposed to you last night but I can't remember whether you said yes or no."

She answered, "I remember refusing a man yesterday but I had forgotten who it was."

\* \* \*

Don't sit down in the meadow and wait for the cow to back up and be milked—go after the cow.

**SHE WAS A WOMAN**

"Can she talk, old man?"

"Can't she? Why, last summer in the mountains she didn't even let the echo have the last word!"

\* \* \*

Cholly—May I have the next waltz?

Widow—Yes, but dance slow as I only recently went into mourning.

\* \* \*

**A NEW TIME TABLE**

"When does this ferry run, Uncle?" asked the would-be passenger.

"Dis ferry, Marse," said the old man, "she runs at quarter arter, half arter, quarter to and at."

\* \* \*

It's nice to Sit and Think and Fish,  
And Fish and Sit and Think,  
And Think and Fish and Sit and Wish  
That you could get a Drink.

\* \* \*

When a diplomat says yes, he means perhaps;  
When he says perhaps, he means no;  
When he says no, he's no diplomat.  
When a lady says no, she means yes,  
When she says perhaps, she means no,  
When she says yes, she's no lady.

\* \* \*

Why are old maids always on time at church?  
Because they want to be there before the hymns are given out.

\* \* \*

Why are chickens the most religious of fowls?  
Because so many enter the ministry.

\* \* \*

A man gave his wife a roll of bills and told her to take a vacation and go to the Thousand Islands and remain one month on each island.

## CANDOR

"I know what you're going to say," she said,  
And she rose up, looking uncommonly tall;  
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,  
And say you're sorry the summer's dead.  
And no other summer was like it, you know,  
And can I imagine what made it so?  
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;  
"You are going to ask if I forget  
That day in June when the woods were wet,  
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—  
"Over the creek; you are going to say,  
Do I remember that horrid day?  
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;  
"You are going to say that since that time  
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,  
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—  
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—  
Why, everybody has seen it here!—  
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;  
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,  
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—  
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,  
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb.  
And you'll have me anyway, just as I am.  
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.



### FOUND WANTING

The modern girl is very wise, awake and not a little of a psychologist. One we heard of recently, for instance, had a lover who pleaded for one little kiss, just one.

"Only one?" she replied. "You'll be satisfied with just one?"

"Yes."

"In that case," she returned coldly, "you are utterly lacking in that accumulative spirit that brings prosperity, and I do not feel that my future would be safe in your hands."

\* \* \*

### FOREARMED

Mr. Cooke was a traveling man and was slightly injured in a railroad accident. One of the officials of the road went to his home to break the news gently to Mrs. Cooke.

"Madam," he began, "be calm! Your husband has met with a slight—that is to say, one of the drive wheels of a passenger locomotive struck him on the cheek, and——"

"Well, sir," interrupted the woman, "you needn't come around here trying to collect any damages of me! You won't get a cent! If your company can't keep its property out of danger, it'll have to take the consequences. You should have your engines insured."

\* \* \*

"You should ventilate that song of yours."

"Why?"

"The air is poor."



**SOUND IN THEORY**

Pat and Murphy, since both had fallen in love with the same woman, became involved in a deadly feud. There seemed to be only one way of settling the matter—a duel.

Pistols were agreed upon—at twenty paces.

But when the stout Murphy saw his lean adversary facing him, he began immediately to raise objections.

"Bedad," he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

Pat's second treated this amazing proposition quite seriously, and for a long while stood, thoughtful and puzzled. Then:

"There's no need for that," he said. "Be aisy now. I'll soon put the matter right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he drew two lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he remarked, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside that chalk don't count!"

\* \* \*

**THE MOTHER**

She laid the still, white form beside those which had gone before. No sob, no sigh forced its way from her heart, throbbing as though it would burst. Suddenly a cry broke the stillness of the place—one single heart-breaking shriek; then silence; another cry; more silence; then all silence but for a guttural murmur, which seemed to swell up from her very soul. She left the place. She would lay another egg tomorrow.

\* \* \*

**RUM**

The Demon Rum is a grand old friend,  
He cripples your frame from end to end,  
He starves your wife, he makes you a bum,  
So here's a toast to the Demon Rum!

# AN "INDISCRIMINATE" SENTENCE

Frank P. Barker, country prosecutor, tells the following story of a negro who was convicted in the criminal court not long ago. The negro was asked how long he would have to stay in prison.

"Ah got one of dem indiscriminate sentences," he replied. "One year, with the privilege of staying fourteen."



So many sing that can't;  
So many that can, refuse.  
Those that can't, do nothing but rant;  
And those that can, say "excuse."

\* \* \* \*

# DICE vs. CARDS

A crooked game of dice is rare,  
For we all know that dice are square;  
But every card that's played is thin,  
Thus helping crooks our coin to win.

\* \* \* \*

# PEBBLES

Dear Sir:—I hate to take up your time, but this question is keeping me awake nights these days: "Does 'holy smoke' come from a church canon?"

## AN IDYL

I saw her first on a day in Spring,  
By the side of a stream, as I fished along,  
And I loitered to hear the robins sing,  
And guessed at the secret they told in song.

The apple-blossoms, so white and red,  
Were mirrored beneath in the streamlet's flow;  
And the sky was blue far overhead,  
And far in the depths of the brook below.

I lay half hid by a mossy stone  
And looked in the water for flower and sky.  
I heard a step—I was not alone:  
And a vision of loveliness met my eye.

I saw her come to the other side,  
The apple blossoms were not more fair;  
She stooped to gaze in the sunlit tide—  
Her eyes met mine in the water there.

She stopped in timid and mute surprise,  
And that look might have lasted till now, I ween;  
But modestly dropping her dove-like eyes,  
She turned her away to the meadow green.

I lay in wonder and rapture lost  
At her slender form and her step so free,  
At her raven locks by the breezes tossed,  
As she kicked up her heels in the air for glee.

The apple-blossoms are withered now,  
But the sky and the meadow and the stream are there;  
And whenever I wander that way I vow  
That some day I'll buy me that little black mare.

**A PIPE COMPARED TO A CHRISTIAN**

A pipe is like a Christian in many ways: sure it's made o' clay, like a Christian, and has the spark of life in it, and while the breath is in it, the spark is alive; but when the breath is out of it, the spark dies, and then it grows cold, like a Christian, and isn't it a pleasant companion, like a Christian?

\* \* \*

**SIMPLE ADDITION**

"Be jabbers!" exclaimed an Irishman, "I've slept sixteen hours. I went to bed at eight and got up at eight!"

\* \* \*

"I put my money in a savings bank. When can I get it out again?" asked a young man of an Irish friend.

"Oh," said the latter, "sure, if you put it in to-day, you can draw it out again to-morrow by giving a week's notice."

\* \* \*

**THREE THINGS TO BE DONE WITHOUT THINKING**

Shutting oneself up in a convent, marrying, and throwing oneself over a precipice are three things which must be done without thinking too much about them.

\* \* \*

**MY FIRST GLASS OF PUNCH**

When I feel it gurgling, murmuring,  
Down my throat and my aesophagus,  
Something, I know not what,  
Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus;  
Something easy of perception,  
But by no means of description.



Longfellow's "Rainy Day"

\* \* \* \*

Wife—Tomorrow will be the anniversary of our wedding day. I shall have a pair of chickens killed for dinner in honor of the occasion.

Husband—Why punish them? It wasn't their fault.

EPIGRAM

Your comedy I've read, my friend,  
 And like the half you pilfer'd best;  
 But sure the drama you might mend—  
 Take courage, man! and *steal the rest.*

\* \* \*

THE TENDER HEART

She gazed upon the burnished brace  
 Of plump ruffled grouse he showed with pride;  
 Angelic grief was in her face;  
 "How *could* you do it, dear?" she sighed.  
 "The poor, pathetic, moveless wings!  
 The songs all hushed—oh, cruel shame!"  
 Said he, "The partridge never sings."  
 Said she, "The sin is quite the same."

"You men are savage through and through.  
 A boy is always bringing in  
 Some string of birds' eggs, white or blue,  
 Or butterfly upon a pin.  
 The angleworm in anguish dies,  
 Impaled, the pretty trout to tease—"  
 "My own, I fish for trout with flies—"  
 "Don't wander from the question, please!"

She quoted Burns' *Wounded Hare*,  
 And certain burning lines of Blake's,  
 And Ruskin on the fowls of air,  
 And Coleridge on the water-snakes.  
 At Emerson's *Forbearance* he  
 Began to feel his will benumbed;  
 At Browning's *Donald* utterly  
 His soul surrendered and succumbed.

"Oh, gentlest of all gentle girls,"  
 He thought, "beneath the blessed sun!"  
 He saw her lashes hung with pearls,  
 And swore to give away his gun.  
 She smiled to find her point was gained,  
 And went, with happy parting words  
 (He subsequently ascertained),  
 To trim her hat with humming-birds.

\* \* \*

### HIGH BOOTS

A gentleman complaining to his bootmaker that a pair of boots recently sent were too short, and that he wanted a pair to cover the whole calf, had the following jeu d'esprit sent to him:

"These boots were never made for me,  
 They are too short by half;  
 I want them long enough, d'ye see,  
 To cover all the calf."  
 "Why, sir," said Last, with stifled smile,  
 "To alter them I'll try;  
 But if they *cover all the calf*  
 They must be *five feet high*."

\* \* \*

### A LAWYER

A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it for himself.

\* \* \*

### FOLLY OF GOING TO LAW

To go to law is for two persons to kindle a fire at their own cost to warm others and singe themselves to cinders; and because they cannot agree as to what is truth and equity, they will both agree to unplume themselves, that others may be decorated with their feathers.

**MATTEROMONEY**

The young man did not feel it much of a hardship to marry for money, because the woman in the case impressed him as being good looking. He was destined to have a rude awakening, because her goods looks all came from a department store in another city by parcel post. After they had been married a day or so she grew careless about her personal appearance and he saw that scarcely anything about her was real. Her face, that had seemed winsome enough when gayly decorated in color and surmounted with forty dollars' worth of purchased pompadour, looked hollow and parchment-like, with nothing to set it off but the few discouraged strings of hair that went with her. He could scarcely glance at her without wincing. As she sat at her dressing table, taking off things, and looking caved-in and abandoned, she reminded him of nothing so much as an old ruin. He recalled pictures he had seen of gray, deserted, spooky-looking buildings.

With these thoughts running through his head, he fell into gloomy reverie, and she fitted into the picture as the nearest human approach to an old, crumbling abbey. Just then she moved one of her arms and —

A bat flew out!

**THE DOMESTIC BAND**

Father is an adept at blowing his own trumpet, while mother is equally expert at harping on one string. Mother-in-law has to play second fiddle, and Aunt Jane leads a humdrum existence. Grandpa gives every night a solo on his nasal organ, without stops, uncle spends his time wetting his whistle, John is fond of his pipe, and Emily is forever ringing the changes on her lovers—and I'm a bit of a lyre myself.

\* \* \*

City Man—My good man, have you lived here all your life?

Old Farmer—No, not yet.



## OUR TERRIBLE TONGUE

You take a swim,  
    You say you've swum;  
Your nails you trim,  
    But they're not trum.  
And milk you skim  
    Is never scum.

When words you speak  
    Those words are spoken.  
But a nose you tweak  
    Is never twoken;  
Nor can you seek  
    And say you've soken.

A top you spin,  
    The top you've spun;  
A hare you skin,  
    Yet 'tis not skun.  
Nor can a grin  
    Be ever grun.

If we forget,  
    Then we've forgotten;  
But if we bet  
    We haven't botten;  
No house we let  
    Is ever lotten;  
What we upset  
    Is not upsotten;  
Now don't these prove  
    Our language rotten?



Ouch!

\* \* \* \*

### TIRED OF WHITEWASHING

A lower Illinois editor, declaring he has become tired of wielding the whitewash brush in the matter of obituaries, has decided to reform and tell the truth just once. His comment on the death of a well-known citizen in the community follows: "Died—Aged 56 years 6 months and 13 days. Deceased was a mild-mannered pirate, with a mouth for whisky and an eye for booty. He came here in the night with another man's wife and joined the church at first chance. He owes us several dollars for the paper, a large meat bill, and you could hear him pray for six blocks. He died singing *Jesus Paid It All*, and we think he is right—he never paid anything himself. He was buried in an asbestos casket, and his many friends threw palm leaf fans in the grave, as he may need them. His tombstone will be a favorite resting place for hoot owls."

**SHE COULD SEE HER MAN**

An old lady in New Hampshire decided to try matrimony for the second time in extreme old age. Her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren expostulated with her, but she remained firm and declared she was going to marry the man.

"Why, you're too old," said they; "you're losing your faculties. You can't see; if this man was on the other side of the street you couldn't tell him from anyone else."

The old lady said she was going to marry him. At last a daughter said: "Now, we'll put the man on top of the barn and you shall stand in the kitchen door. If you can see him on the barn you shall marry him."

The prospective bridegroom sat on the ridgepole of the barn. The old lady came to the door, looked, shaded her eyes and looked again.

"Do you see him?" called the family.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "I can see the man all right, but don't see the barn!"

\* \* \*

When Goethe was a very young man he asked his friend Bebrisch what experience was, and got this information.

"Experience is properly what an experienced man experiences in experiencing his experiences."

\* \* \*

A current newspaper item is as follows: The wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robin, her second Sparrow and the present one's name is Quayle. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three little Quayles in the family. One grandfather was a Swann, and another was a Jay, but he's dead and now a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk Avenue, Eagleville, Canary Islands, and the fellow who wrote this article is a Lyre bird and an interesting relative of the family."

The darky in question had simmered in the heat of St. Augustine all his life, and was decoyed by the report that the colored men could make as much as four dollars a day in Duluth.

He headed North in a seersucker suit into a hard winter. At Chicago, while waiting for a train, he shivered in an engine room, and on the way to Duluth sped by miles of snow fields.

On arriving he found the mercury at eighteen below and promptly lost the use of his hands. Then his feet stiffened and he lost all sensation.

They picked him up and took him to a crematory for unknown dead. After he had been in the oven for awhile somebody opened the door for inspection. Rastus came to and shouted:

"Shut dat do' and close dat draff!"



### ARABIAN PROVERB

He who knows and knows he knows—

He is wise—follow him.

He who knows and knows not he knows—

He is asleep—wake him.

He who knows not and knows not he knows not—

He is a fool—shun him.

He who knows not and knows he knows not—

He is a child—teach him.

\* \* \*

Here's champagne to our real friends

And real pain to our sham friends.

**THE VEGETABLE GIRL**

Behind a market stall, installed,  
I mark it every day,  
Stands at her stand the fairest girl  
I've met with in the bay;

Her two lips are cherry red,  
Her hands a pretty pair,  
With such a pretty turn-up nose  
And lovely reddish hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,  
Her customers to please,  
And to appease their appetites  
She sells them beans and peas.

Attracted by the glances from  
The apple of her eye,  
And by the Chili apple too  
Each passerby will buy.

She stands upon her little feet  
Throughout the livelong day,  
And sells her celery and things—  
A big feat by the way.

She changes her stock for change,  
Alluding to each call,  
And when she has but one beet left,  
She says, "Now that beats all."

\* \* \*

**POETRY**

Poetry is an exquisite expression of an exquisite impression.

### EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE

A gentleman of color who was brought before a police judge on the charge of stealing chickens, pleaded guilty. After sentencing him, the judge asked how he had managed to steal the chickens when the coop was so near the owner's house and there was a vicious dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, judge," answered the darky, "to try to 'splain dis yer thing to yo' 't all. Ef yo' was to try it, like as not yo' would get yer hide full o' shot, an' get no chicken, nuther. Ef yo' wants to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' better stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."

\* \* \*

### BACON OR SHAKESPEARE

In Rising Sun, Shakespeare was a novelty, and the little theater, the only one in town, was crowded to the doors for the performance.

The next morning the daily chronicler of the happenings in the village printed this:

"Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, *Hamlet*, was produced here last night. It was a great society event. The leading men of town and their wives and daughters were out in the best clothes they could afford. Seldom has such a distinguished assemblage been gotten together in this part of the country.

"There has long been a dispute as to whether Shakespeare or Lord Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare. That knotty problem can now be solved. Let the graves of both men be opened. *Hamlet* was written by the one who turned over last night."

\* \* \*

The Eskimo sleeps in his black bear skin,  
And sleeps very well, I am told,  
But when I sleep in my white bare skin,  
I catch a devil of a cold.

### READ THIS ONE TO PAPA

A little girl wrote this composition on men:

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women and also more zoological. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but the women sprung further than the men."



A thing of beauty is a "jaw" forever

\* \* \* \*

"The centipede was happy quite,  
Until the frog for fun  
Said, 'Pray, which leg comes after which?'  
Which wrought his mind to such a pitch,  
He lay distracted in a ditch,  
Considering HOW to run."

\* \* \*

Why is a woman's mind compared to man's, more clean?  
'Tis because she changes it so often, I wean.

\* \* \* \*

Here's to the chaperone,  
May she learn from Cupid  
Just enough blindness  
To be sweetly stupid.

**BEWARE THE SITTING HABIT**

Beware the deadly sitting habit,  
Or, if you sit, be like the rabbit,  
Who keepeth ever on the jump  
By springs concealed beneath his rump.  
A little ginger 'neath the tail  
Will oft for lack of brains avail;  
Eschew the dull and slothful seat,  
And move about with willing feet!  
Man was not made to sit a-trance  
And press and press and press his pants;  
But rather with an open mind  
To circulate among his kind,  
And so, my son, avoid the snare  
Which lurks within a cushioned chair;  
To run like hell, it has been found,  
Both feet must be upon the ground.

\* \* \*

They say, and I am glad they say,  
It's so, and it may be so;  
It may be just the other way,  
I can not tell, but this I know:

From quiet home and first beginning,  
Out to the undiscovered ends,  
There is nothing worth the wear of living  
Save laughter and the love of friends.

\* \* \*

Here's to the Stork, a most valuable bird  
That inhabits the residence district.  
He doesn't yield plumes nor sing any tunes  
But he helps with the vital statistics.



**THE RAVEN**

Once upon a Monday dreary  
She was working weak and weary,  
Down upon her marrows mopping,  
Mopping up the kitchen floor.  
While the mop went flipping, flapping,  
Suddenly she heard a tapping,  
Tapping at the kitchen door.  
" 'Tis some visitor," she muttered, "tapping at the kitchen door;  
Gracious Peter, what a bore!"  
Up she jumped and nearly swearing,  
Hastily began preparing  
To appear as women wish to when their callers look them o'er—  
Yanked her apron off and slung it  
O'er the greasy gown she wore.  
Then she opened wide the door—and found a sawed-off boy  
who wanted to know if she didn't want to buy some fresh  
buttered popcorn.

\* \* \*

Noses are cheap, either straight or bent,  
Having two nostrils, for only one (s)cent.

\* \* \* \*

**A RELIGIOUS TEMPERAMENT**

"Say, ma," said Billy, "I think the man who comes around to dump our ashes is a real good Christian man."

"What makes you think that, my dear?" asked his mother.

"Well, ma," said Billy, "yesterday, when he was at Mrs. Brown's house, he took up the ash barrel and was about to dump it into the ash cart when the bottom of the barrel came out and ashes fell all over him. He was a terrible sight, but he didn't get a bit angry. He brushed himself off and then just sat right down on the curb and told God all about it."

When one's caught laughing in his sleeve,

Pray do not think he would deceive—

Ah no!

For the cause is this, and this alone,

'Tis all on account of his funny bone.

Quite so!

\* \* \* \*

### LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTER TO HIS FATHER

I recommend to you, dear pater, to avoid being a fop. It is one thing to be polite, and it is another to be manly. Be natural. If you have no respect for a man, don't make him think you have. Hypocrisy is prevalent enough without adding to it by pretending to be that which we are not. When you are angry, don't deceive people by concealing it, but get it out of your system. Good breeding and good manners are very pretty decorations, but imitations are bad. If one has them not, why pretend? Let your manners and conduct show what you *are*, not what you are not. Deceit is a prolific worker of troubles, and instead of adding to it, we should strive to lessen it. You once wrote to me, "Determine to keep your countenance as unmoved and unembarrassed as possible." Why? Is not the expressiveness and mirror-like accuracy of the countenance its greatest charm? Then why destroy it by concealing our emotions? Surely you would not make people better by having them conceal their defects—for what is *outside* is but a manifestation of what is *inside* and if we take care of our inside, the outside will take care of itself. You will go down in history as a philosopher of deception. I would rather it be the philosopher of truth. I want my life, as well as my countenance and behavior, to show what I am—not merely what I appear to be. I do not aspire to be a cotillion leader, nor a dancing-master, nor a parlor parrot for painted ladies to admire; but, "as you know me all, a plain, blunt man," true to myself and true to my friends.

**TOO IMPULSIVE**

Mr. Simpson Ford, who is supposed to be one of the most humorous of American after-dinner speakers, was interviewed on arriving in New York from England.

"The trouble with the English," he told one interviewer, "is that they are too impulsive. Their skyscrapers are sometimes full five stories high, and spring up like century plants.

"Scarcely has the moss grown on one story before another story is almost finished. I've seen them putting a roof on a building long before the foundation had begun to decay.

"They despise vulgarity. For instance, after a steamer concert for the benefit of Liverpool Seamen's Orphans, being requested to move a vote of thanks, I said that the occasion seemed an excellent example of perfect reciprocity which deeply touched me, the Americans furnishing the money and the English the orphans.

"No one laughed, but Sir John Somebody finally remarked stiffly, 'Clevah, but vulgah.'"

\* \* \*

**SPICY**

Miss Pepper who hails from the Nutmeg State  
Is fond of all-spice, her friends relate.  
She seasons with cloves her daily fare,  
And feeds ginger snaps to the Cinnamon bear.

\* \* \* \*

The saddest words that ere were writ  
Are these, "You'll please remit."

\* \* \*

The frog he am a funny bird,  
He have no wings to flee.  
He sit to hop, he hop to sit.  
He have no tail at all.

(Hard Lee)]

**MET HIS MATCH**

The dapper little traveling man glanced at the menu card at the restaurant, and looked up at the pretty waitress.

"Nice day, little one," he began.

"Yes, it is," she answered; "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I'm a little peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite awhile and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working in a restaurant; if I did I'd quit my job; and my wages are satisfactory and I don't know a thing about any dances or shows tonight, and if there is any, I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a Y. W. C. A. girl, and my brother is a cook in this restaurant, and he only weighs 200 pounds and last week he wiped up the dining-room floor with a fresh fifty-dollar-a-month traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now what'll you have?"

The dapper little traveling man said he was not hungry.

\* \* \*

**MAN AND HIS SHOES**

How much a man is like his shoes!  
For instance both have souls to lose;  
Both need a mate to be complete;  
And both are made to go on feet.  
They both need healing, oft are sold,  
And both in time will turn to mould.  
With shoes the last is first, with men  
The first shall be last; and when  
The shoes wear out they're mended new—  
When men wear out they're men dead, too!  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loath.  
Both have their ties, and both incline,  
When polished, in the world to shine,  
And both peg out. Now would you choose  
To be a man or be his shoes?



A noble young Roman named Caesar  
Once called on a maid—tried to squaesar,  
But the girl, with a blush,  
Said the Latin for “Tush”!  
“You horrid young thing! Let me baesar!”

\* \* \*

### THRIFT

Salt and pepper clothes I wear  
For good and diverse reasons.  
For then my tailor's bills are rare,  
They last me through two seasons.

\* \* \* \*

### HEROIC TREATMENT

Little Willie wore his stocking  
Inside out, a habit shocking.  
To correct his naughty whim,  
Mother turned the hose on him.

**STINGING RETORT**

Said the glow worm, "Behold me, a marvel complete;  
A noted example of light without heat."  
Said the bee, "And I, too, unto fame have a right  
For the way I exemplify heat without light."

\* \* \*

"Folks go to Palm Beach," Willie said,  
"To be tanned by the sun till they're red,  
But I don't go so far  
To be tanned by my par;  
He does it quite well in the shed."

\* \* \*

**CORRUPTION**

If we would have corruption stop  
Let's have a cop to watch each cop,  
And then a cop to tag the cop  
We've set to watch the other cop.

\* \* \*

**CLEAR AS CRYSTAL**

Before I went to burlesque shows  
It puzzled me somehow  
Why each girl wore a flimsy gown—  
But I see through it now.

\* \* \*

**FROM GRAVE TO GAY**

Old Satan's well-nigh kingly sway  
We sooner might annul,  
If the dance were not so bright and gay  
And the church not quite so dull.

## THOUGHTS

Thoughts shut up want air, and spoil like bales unopened to the sun.

\* \* \*

"You're a thief," said a wag, "and I'll show it,"  
To a butcher with angry feeling;  
" 'Tis a scandalous fact, and you know it,  
That knives you're constantly steeling."

\* \* \*

"Well, I suppose your knitting party got through a lot of scandal this afternoon?"

"No, we didn't talk a bit of scandal."

"How was that?"

"Every member was present."

\* \* \*

He sat in the club at midnight  
With a sense of sad unrest;  
He was dry—he pressed the button,  
And the waiter did the rest.

\* \* \*

If you do not care to die just yet,  
Perhaps you can digest this;  
A few clean pages of what a few sages  
Have thought you'd better not miss.

\* \* \* \*

Her Husband—If a man steals, no matter what, he will live to regret it.

His Wife—You used to steal kisses from me.

Her Husband—Well, you heard what I said.

\* \* \*

A man is as old as he feels, but not always as big—no, not by a lot.

## THE ADSMITH

He wrote, in neat and nifty rhyme,  
Full many a catchy witticism;  
But was subjected, all the time,  
To none but ad-verse criticism.



## THOMAS CAT'S ODE TO THE MOON

Oh, Moon! My kind, benignant friend,  
You know the reason why I sing,  
When men pursue me to the end  
And from their windows missiles fling.  
'Tis you that knows the reason why  
My soul with sweetest music rings—  
How could I silent be, when I  
Am filled so full with *fiddle strings*?

\* \* \* \*

## A COLOR SCHEME

A red cow eats green grass and gives white milk that makes  
yellow butter.



**FALL**

There is a wine-clad glow in the air,  
The falling leaves are rocked,  
The limbs of the trees are so bare,  
That the modest corn is shocked.

\* \* \*

**A DISCOVERY**

The years bring wisdom as they fly;  
Each day we learn another kink.  
Why, water isn't half so dry  
As those who never drink it think.

\* \* \*

"Love laughs at locksmiths" is a saw  
That's true as well as clever;  
But here is one I like still more—  
"Love laughs at Goldsmiths—never."

\* \* \*

'Tis a great world that we live in,  
To lend, to spend, to give in;  
But to beg or borrow, or get what's our own,  
'Tis the worst old world that ever was known.

\* \* \*

**AS THE POET REMARKS**

We look before and after  
And pine for what is not.  
The cards we threw away one hand  
Would help the next a lot!

\* \* \*

Now I get me up to work,  
I pray the Lord I may not shirk;  
If I should die before 'tis night,  
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

There was an old fellow from Perth,  
Who was born on the day of his birth.  
He got married, they say,  
On his wife's wedding day,  
'And he died on his last day on earth.

\* \* \*

### **TIMELY TUNES**

If looking for a Christmas air,  
A carol or a glee,  
I'd recommend that timely tune  
"Then Yule remember me."

\* \* \*

This world was not made for you, Bill,  
Not made for you and me.  
'Twas made for Uncle John  
And Andrew Carnegie.

\* \* \*

### **A REAL SUMMER GIRL**

Maude Muller on a summer day  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay,  
You'd hardly expect a girl, you know,  
In summertime to be shoveling snow.

\* \* \*

The nephew climbed the mountain top  
And cast below a glance,  
'And when he saw his kinsmen there  
His uncles looked like ants.

\* \* \* \*

The window has four pains,  
But one have I;  
Its pains are in its sash,  
I wonder why?

**A COMMON TRAIT**

'Twixt years and men is surely seen  
A parallel full pat;  
The years seem long when they are lean,  
And short when they are fat.

\* \* \*

"Go ask papa," the maiden said.  
Now the young man knew Papa was dead;  
He also knew the life he led,  
So he understood her when she said,  
"Go ask papa."

\* \* \*

I send to you a violet  
In token dot I'm glad we met,  
I hope we may already yet  
Once more again togedder get.

\* \* \*

**DOGGEREL**

In "puppy love" they were wed,  
Just at the age for strife.  
In after years it oft was said  
They led an old dog's life.

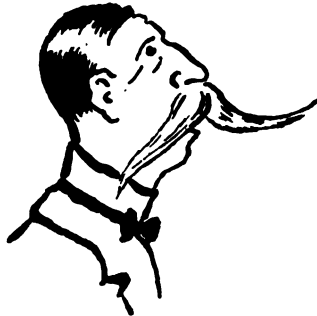
\* \* \*

**AUTUMNAL PARTINGS**

Good-by, my friend of summer days,  
The time has come when we must part.  
Henceforth we go divergent ways  
And I am sick and sad at heart.  
Necessity, that knows no law,  
The friendships that can never melt  
Decrees that you, my friend of straw,  
Must give way to the fuzzy felt.

WHY NOT?

I think 'twould be singular, very,  
 And yet 'twould be really tip-top,  
 If the vinegar's mother should marry  
 The frisky champagne bottle's Pop.  
 \* \* \*



He has more hair under his nose than he knows under his hair  
 \* \* \*

DO YOU TWIG?

There was a young lady named Ginter,  
 Who married a man in the winter;  
 The man's name was Wood,  
 And now, as they should,  
 The Woods have a cute little splinter.  
 \* \* \*

THE TENOR OF IT

If I could sing as sweet as you,  
 You little bird, you piper true,  
 Throating it there upon the fence  
 With such a gay inconsequence—  
 If I could sing as sweet as you—  
 Well, I have every confidence  
 My nest would be well-feathered, too.

**QUICK ACTION WANTED**

"Man wants but little here below,"  
So wrote a poet long ago;  
But now and then, when times are sad,  
He wants that little very bad.

\* \* \*

**APPROPRIATELY NAMED**

Smith has a lovely baby girl,  
The stork left her with a flutter.  
Smith named her Oleomargarine,  
For he hadn't any but her.

\* \* \*

There was an old monk in Siberia,  
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,  
Till he broke from his cell,  
With a yell of a hell,  
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

\* \* \*

If you wish to be slender like the festive string bean,  
Cut out the candy, the strawberries and the cream;  
Take lots of Scotch—oatmeal's what I mean,  
Then climb a church steeple—you're bound to be lean.

\* \* \*

**DOUBLY PERFECT**

If you'll allow me to advise,  
'Tis time we ceased to criticise  
The maid who flaunts before our eyes  
A skirt that's widely cleft.  
Perhaps she makes herself a sight,  
But if we truly are polite  
We'll say she has a perfect right—  
Likewise a perfect left.

**PEDDLING ELOQUENCE**

Gentlemen: These razors were made in a cave, by the light of a diamond, in Andalusia, Spain. They can cut as quick as a thought, and are as bright as a morning star. Lay them under your pillow at night and you will be clean shaved in the morning.

\* \* \*

"Just one more kiss, darling one," pleaded the ardent swain.  
"It can't be done, dear; papa will be here in another hour."

\* \* \*

Kiss—a lover's privilege and the lap-dog's right.

\* \* \*

Fate—another name for one's own fault.

\* \* \*

**A REBUS**

"What is a rebus?" I asked dear Mary,  
As close to my side the fair maid was seated;  
I saw her eyes drop and her countenance vary  
As she said in reply, "'Tis a kiss, sir, repeated."

\* \* \*

**MIGHTY WINE**

An Asiatic chief, being asked his opinion of wine, said he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lions' hearts; for, after he had drunk enough of it, he could talk forever and fight the devil.

\* \* \*

**REAL ECONOMY**

Paddy, on being told that a certain kind of stove would save half the coal, said, "Faith, thin I'll take two of them and save it all."

**QUICK, WATSON, THE OXYGEN**

The con man isn't very smart,  
With brains he seldom copes ;  
He simply tries to rope in those  
Who do not know the ropes.

**Rolled Oats****HE PAID**

Her lips he kissed,  
And cried: "Oh, bliss!"  
The maiden hissed:  
"You'll pay for this!"  
She spoke the truth.  
His fatal frolic  
Laid low the youth  
With painter's colic.

The following good bit is from a collection of manuscript poems written three hundred years ago, and recently published in England:

## WYLFULL WYVES

The man is blest that lyves in rest,  
And so can keepe hym style;  
and he is A-coruste that was the first  
that gave hys wyff her wyll.

What paine *and* greff without relieff  
shall we pore men sustayne,  
yff every gyle [Jill] shall have her wyl,  
*and over* vs shall reigne?

Then all our wyves, during *ther* lyves,  
wyll loke to do the same,  
and beare in hand yt ys As lande  
that goeth not from the name.

There ys no man whose wysdome canne  
Reforme A wylfull wyff,  
but onely god, who maide the rod  
for our vnthryfty lyffe.

Let vs therefor crye owt *and* *rere*,  
and make to god request  
that he redresse this wilfulness  
and set our harth at rest.

Wherefor, good wyves, amend youre lyves,  
and we wyll do the same,  
*and* kepe not style, that noughtye wyle,  
that haith so evell A name.

ffinis.



**DEATH'S INJUNCTION**

Pinto lies here ; 'tis natural he should,  
Who lied through life as often as he could :  
He thought of mending, but to spite his will  
Death came unlooked for and bade him lie still.

\* \* \*

**HOW A LAWYER ENTERED HEAVEN**

There is a pleasant story of a lawyer who, being refused entrance into heaven by St. Peter, contrived to throw his hat inside the door ; and then, being permitted by the kind saint to go in and fetch it, took advantage of the latter's fixture as door-keeper to refuse to come back again.

\* \* \*

**A MISAPPREHENSION**

We recollect once being very much amused at the relation of the following anecdote from the lips of a very amiable, and, withal, a very modest widow lady in New Jersey. Soon after her husband paid the debt of nature, leaving her his legatee, a claim was brought against the estate by his brother, and a process was served upon her by the sheriff of the county, who happened to be a widower of middle age. Being unused at that time to the forms of law—though in the protracted trial that followed she had ample opportunity of acquiring experience—she was much alarmed, and meeting, just after the departure of the sheriff, with a female friend, she exclaimed, with much agitation : “What do you think ? Sheriff Prince has been after me !” “Well,” said the considerate lady, with perfect coolness, “he is a very fine man.” “But he says he has an attachment for me,” replied the widow. “Well, I have long suspected he was attached to you, my dear.” “But you don't understand—he says I must go to court.” “O ! that's quite another affair, my child ; don't you go so far as that—it is his place to come and court you.”

Lives of famous men remind us  
What a jolly snap 'twill be  
For the wives we leave behind us  
Selling our biographee.

\* \* \*

**NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**

One swallow doesn't make a spring,  
Is a saying known to one and all.  
Yet one orange peel won't do a thing  
But give us a hard and early fall.



**The morning after the night before**

\* \* \* \*

In the world's broad field of battle,  
If you'd win through thin and thick;  
Be not like dumb driven cattle,  
Be a mule and kick and kick.

**THE GOOD FELLOW**

When he had coin—gee whiz!  
He was a prince,  
He spent it. Now he is  
A human quince.

\* \* \*

**MY GROCER**

A picture show my grocer saw  
That prompted him to “go to law,”  
For what he witnessed did not please—  
’Twas moving pictures of his cheese.

\* \* \* \*

**A SURE SHOT**

He saw a deer, blazed at it hot,  
The hasty charge went wide;  
But though he failed to guide the shot,  
By jinks! he shot the guide!

\* \* \*

**OUT OF REACH**

Riches have wings,  
That’s why  
The pesky things  
Roost high.

\* \* \*

**HAIR LINES**

When he was young and careless  
Archie he was called,  
But he grew old and hairless,  
Now it’s Archibald.

**EPITAPHS**

Stranger, pause,  
My tale attend,  
'And learn the cause  
Of Hannah's end.  
'Across the world  
The wind did blow;  
She caught a cold  
Which laid her low.  
We shed a quart  
Of tears, 'tis true;  
But life is short,  
Age 82.

\* \* \*

Little Willie,  
Fair as a lily;  
God for him sent,  
We let him went.

\* \* \*

**A WINTER SCRAP**

The following quaint epitaph was written on the tombstone of a youth at Frith, in Derbyshire, England. The comparison is seasonable.

Our life is but a winter's day.  
Some only breakfast and away;  
Others to dinner stay and are full fed;  
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.  
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;  
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

\* \* \*

**A NATURAL INFERENCE**

They who lengthen their nights shorten their days.

**THE HUMMING BIRD**

Each rapid movement gives a different dye—  
Like scales of burnished gold they dazzling show,  
Now sink to shade, now like a furnace glow.

\* \* \*

**EXIGENCIES OF POETRY**

The last remains of Mary Jones  
Lies buried underneath these stones.  
Her name was Brown, the name of Jones  
Is used because it rhymes with stones.  
Epitaph on a tombstone in a New York Cemetery.

\* \* \*

**NOW WE KNOW WHY**

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stood;  
"You loafer!" cried his angry wife;  
"Why don't you split the wood?"

**MAN'S INHUMANITY**

Here's one reason why lots of life's sunshine  
Is lost in the valley of fog.  
There's too many a man quick to tie a tin can  
To the tail of another man's dog.

**A LAWYER'S TOAST**

"Fee simple and the simple fee,  
And all the fees in tail,  
Are nothing when compared with thee,  
Thou best of fees—fe-male."

\* \* \*

**REVENGE**

Like the lava from a crater  
Came the gravy on his pate.  
For he failed to tip the waiter,  
So the waiter tipped his plate.

\* \* \*

**OYSTEROLOGICAL**

The oysters have a college yell,  
To dislocate the jaw.  
Each oyster opens up its shell,  
And bellows, "Raw, Raw, Raw!"

\* \* \*

A disgusted victim of the weather has composed the following little epic:

First it is slippery,  
Then it is sloppery,  
Now it is skippery,  
Now it is hoppery;  
Jumping and dashing,  
Plunging and splashing,  
Muddery, slushery,  
Gum shoes and gushery,  
Gossamers, wraps,  
Falls and mishaps,  
Arnica, lint—  
Words not for print.

-

## APPERTAINING TO AUTUMN

I love the quail's refrain,  
The plover's call,  
The things which appertain  
To gentle fall.  
The blooms that idly nod  
My plaudits get.  
I love the goldenrod,  
Et cet., et cet.  
I love the vine that flames  
Along the wall;  
I love the outdoor games  
Of gentle fall.  
The oyster stew is my  
Especial pet.  
I love the pumpkin pie,  
Et cet., et cet.

\* \* \*



## LOW NOTES

Billy Squawk had a wonderful bass,  
His was really a marvelous cass,  
So deep was the sound  
That it came from the ground—  
Not a single note came from his fass.

POWDER ON HER NOSE

A girl feels bad, a trifle sad.  
Then what do you suppose?  
She takes her bag, extracts a rag  
And powders up her nose.

Sure cure, by jing, for everything!  
If she has ragged hose,  
Or looks a fright, she makes things right  
With powder on her nose.

When things go wrong she plods along,  
Assumes no downcast pose.  
From care she's free so long as she  
Has powder on her nose.

\* \* \*

When you lie awake,  
In the silent vigils of the night  
And your mind peers thru the darkness  
Seeking a ray of light,  
Some thoughts at last come to you—  
In either verse or prose,  
But suddenly you forget them all,  
As a fly lights on your nose.

\* \* \*

"Man's ingress into the world is naked and bare;  
His progress through the world is trouble and care;  
His egress out of the world is nobody knows where.  
If we do well here, we shall do well there:  
And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year."



A Chink by the name of Ching Ling  
Fell off of a street car—bing! bing!  
The con turned his head  
And to the passengers said,  
“The car’s lost a washer.”—Ding! Ding!

\* \* \*

### A FISH STORY

Fish,  
Wish.

Bait,  
Wait.

Bite,  
Flight.

Roam,  
Home.

Buy,  
Lie.

\* \* \*

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your back  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed,  
To pardon or to bear it.

\* \* \*

### A MILLIONAIRE TUCRE

Said a maid: “I will marry for lucre,”  
And her scandalized ma almost shucre;  
But when the chance came,  
And she told the good dame,  
I notice she did not rebucre.

There was a man named Ferguson ;  
He lived on Market Street ;  
He had a speckled Thomas cat,  
That couldn't well be beat ;  
He'd catch more rats and mice and sich  
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room  
And climb upon a cheer ;  
And there he'd sit and lick hisself,  
And pur so awful queer  
That Ferguson would yell at him—  
But still he'd pur severe.

And then he'd climb the moon-lit fence,  
And loaf around and yowl,  
And spit and claw another cat  
Alongside of the jowl ;  
And then they both would shake their tails,  
And jump around and howl.

But while a-curvin' of his spine,  
And waiting to attack  
A cat upon the other fence,  
There came an awful crack ;  
And this here speckled Thomas cat  
Got busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,  
There lay his old feline,  
And not a life was left of him,  
Although he had had nine ;  
"And this has come," said Ferguson,  
"Of curvin' of his spine!"

## THE HAPPY OYSTER

The oyster out there in the bay  
Lives his good life in a simple way;  
No cause to swear, no need to pray;  
No grocers' bills he has to pay,  
Yet gets his rations every day.  
From worries gross his soul is free;  
His life a blissful dream must be,  
Down there beneath the summer sea.  
Oh, it is very plain to me,  
Things come his way quite easily.  
'Tis beautiful and sounds quite good—  
But who'd be an oyster if he could?

—*Ethel Augusta Cook.*

Courtesy Judge, Copyrighted, Leslie Judge Company.



I am not good looking, by gar,  
Others are handsomer far,  
But my face I don't mind it,  
For I am behind it;  
It's the fellow in front that I jar.

There was a young lady named Banker,  
Who fell asleep, while the ship lay at anchor,  
She awoke with dismay, when she heard the mate say,  
"Hoist up the top sheet and spanker."

\* \* \*

Leaves have their time to fall, and so have I,  
The reason's the same—for getting dry,  
The only difference twixt the leaves and me,  
I fall more often and more easily.

\* \* \*

### WOMAN

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,  
Old Adam called her wo-man;  
But when she wooed with love so kind,  
He then pronounced her woo-man;  
But now, with folly and with pride,  
Their husbands' pockets trimming,  
The women are so full of whims  
That men pronounce them wimmen.

\* \* \*

### GEMS

The girl with the ruby lips we like,  
The lass with teeth of pearl,  
The maid with the eyes like diamonds,  
The cheek-like-coral girl;  
The girl with the alabaster brow,  
The lass from Emerald Isle.  
'All these we like, but not the jade  
With the sardonyx smile.

**THE DIVORCEE'S DOXOLOGY**

Nevada, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet State of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
State where our fathers flee;  
State that sets mothers free—  
Marriage, because of thee,  
Hath lost its sting.

\* \* \*

**WIVES TO BLAME**

It is so strange  
Complaining wives  
Should so torment  
Their husbands' lives  
By putting up  
Such stubborn fights,  
Because they stay  
Out late o' nights,  
When months before  
The wedding date  
They've taught them how  
To stay out late.

\* \* \*

**THE LIMIT**

The biggest grouch  
We know will swear  
When he beats himself  
At solitaire.  
The squarest man  
You'll ever meet  
At solitaire  
Will often cheat.

**A NOT UNUSUAL CASE**

I loaned a friend some months ago  
A tenner, nothing loath;  
And now, whene'er I think of it,  
I'm sorry for us both.  
His borrowing has caused a loss  
To him as well as me,  
For I have lost the money loaned  
And he his memory.



There was a little lawyer man  
Who sweetly smiled as he began  
Her dear dead husband's will to scan,  
And thinking of his coming fee,  
He said to her quite tenderly,  
"You have a nice fat legacy."  
Next morning as he lay in bed,  
With plasters on his aching head,  
He wondered what in hell he'd said.

### HIS THEORY AND PRACTICE

During a school tea a kindly lady sat regarding one of the young guests with evident alarm. Undismayed by the lady's glances, the young hopeful demolished plate after plate of bread and butter and cake. At last the lady could stand it no longer. Going up to the urchin, she said:

"My boy, have you never read any book which would tell you what to eat, what to drink and what to avoid?"

"Why, bless you, ma'am," replied the young gentleman, with his mouth full of cake, "I eats all I can, I drinks all I can, an' I avoids bustin'."

\* \* \*

The following remedies were prescribed by Sir Theodore Mayern, the great doctor of the day, when the Princess Royal of England was going to cross to Belgium in 1642. Cinnamon, coriander, anise, ambergris, musk, and sugar were to be made into long tubes, which she was to maunch from time to time. She was to drink a warm posset, should there be an excess of vomiting. A plaster made of the balsam of Peru, of gum mastich, and of laudanum, was to be applied to the pit of the stomach. She was also to smell the comforting vapors which arose from the following compound: Well-toasted bread, orange and citron-peel, rose-leaves, flowers of lavender, and cloves, to be hashed up together. On this Canary wine, elder-flower vinegar, and cinnamon water were to be poured; portions to be successively applied to the nostrils. When she arrived on the other side she was to have an aromatic plaster applied to the stomach, and, what was more to the purpose, she was to have her stomach strengthened with burnt claret having in it a sprig of rosemary, some cinnamon, and sugar, or with a caudle of ale or small beer made with Canary wine, eggs, sugar, and cinnamon! Such were the ways of comforting that distressed organ.

HOCH DER KAISER

By Rear-Admiral Coghlin, U. S. navy. As captain of the U. S. cruiser Raleigh in the war with Spain, at the battle of Manila bay, May 1, 1898, when Prince Detrick protested the action of the U. S. navy the admiral fired a shot over the bow of the prince's ship when he refused to obey the signal to "lay to."

Der Kaiser of Dis Faderland,  
Und Gott on High,  
All dings command,  
Ve two, Ach, don you understand?  
Meinself Und Gott.  
His people sing der Power Divine,  
Mein soldiers sing Der Wacht Um Rhein,  
Und drink der health in German wine  
Of Me Und Gott.

Ders England dinks fine ships she's got,  
Und soldiers mit der charlet coats,  
But ve could lick em poof like dot.  
Meinself Und Gott.  
Ders France, she schwaggers all around,  
She's auschgaspchpeilt, of no account  
To much ve dinks she don't amount.  
Meinself Und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again,  
Und if she does ve show her blain  
Dot Alsace und French Lorraine  
Are mein, by Gott.  
Und so I humor every whim,  
With aspect dark and visage grim,  
Gott pulls mit me and me mit Him.  
Meinself Und Gott.



Waiter—Well, sir, how did you find the beef?

Diner—Oh, I just happened to move a potato and there it was.

Or this:

"Tea or coffee?" asked the bustling waitress.

"Don't tell me, let me guess," said he of the melancholy air.

But not this:

While a traveling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri, a customer came in and bought a couple of night shirts. Afterward a long, lank lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant:

"What was them that that 'ere feller got?"

"Night shirts. Can I sell you one or two?"

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian. "I don't set 'round much o' nights."

\* \* \*

A Mormon boy out in Utah

One day chanced to meet his own pa.

Cried the glad little one:

"Shake, pa; I'm your son!"

"Indeed!" said the man. "Who's your ma?"

\* \* \*

Be sure you're right, and then don't bet on it!

\* \* \*

Mrs. Bingham—What? Snore? Me? The idea! Well, I must say you are the first man who ever accused me of such a thing."

Mr. Bingham—Wh-What?

**WOMAN'S WILES**

Oh, woman, in your hours of E's  
 Why do you spend so many V's?  
 Poor man must mind his P's and Q's;  
 To earn the X's that you U's;  
 While he is working like the B's  
 The dough he needs you're prone to C's;  
 Yet, with such tact you put him Y's,  
 You seem an angel to his I's.

\* \* \*

**LITERAL LITERATURE**

(Extract from a popular novel)—  
 "Florabel was a vision of feminine  
 loveliness. Her swan-like neck sup-  
 ported a fair face crowned with a  
 wealth of golden hair which glowed  
 like radiant autumn leaves. Her  
 shell-like ears, eyes like twin stars  
 and coral mouth made the fair maid  
 indeed a dream of beauty."

\* \* \*

**SAFE AND SANE**

Our aviators fill the skies  
 With terrors most unpleasant.  
 Time is the only thing that flies  
 Without great risk, at present.  
 The reason why is plain enough,  
 Unless I am a dunce;  
 He never tries to thrill the crowd  
 With any fancy stunts.  
 Time, indeed, is light of wing,  
 Well versed in aerial lore;  
 Still he hasn't got a thing  
 On prices when they soar.



## POIGNANT ANECDOTE

"The great fault of American servants is familiarity. To be familiar is to be inefficient. A familiar cook is as inefficient as a pessimistic doctor."

The speaker, a prominent society woman, is perhaps the most brilliant conversationalist in New York—a fact which renders more poignant this anecdote.

"I had a cook," she continued, "whom I tried to break of her over-familiarity. What was the result? This cook, discussing me in the servants' hall, said,

"'I don't say she's a bad mistress, but she's a woman of only one idea. Why, I can't never get her to talk of a single thing but eating!'"

\* \* \*

Justice is a fickle Goddess—  
Over Right and Truth she rides;  
Gold can rule her—  
Perjury fool her—  
Small wonder that her eyes she hides.

\* \* \*

A devout and worthy gentleman is the clergyman of a parish not twenty miles south of Chicago. His congregation was somewhat amused at the singularity of one of his announcements one evening which was as follows:

"Remember our communion service next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services, and the bishop in the evening."

\* \* \*

## WHAT IS LIFE AND LOVE?

*Life* is one fool thing after another—

*Love* is two fool things after each other.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT

If I should die tonight  
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,  
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay,  
 If I should die tonight  
 And you should come in deepest grief and woe  
 And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"  
 I might arise in my large white cravat,  
 And say, "What's that?"  
 If I should die tonight  
 And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,  
 Clasp my bier to show the grief you feel,  
 If I should die tonight  
 And you should come to me there and then,  
 Just even hint of paying me that ten  
 I might arise the while,—  
 But I'd drop dead again.

\* \* \*

SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS

When on Matrimony's seas  
 You start to float,  
 Don't take along a man  
 Who rocks the boat.  
 But to be well prepared, most  
 Any maid'll  
 Take along a man who  
 Can rock a cradle.



\* \* \*

Beneath the spreading mistletoe the village smithy stands,  
 His sweetheart right beside him takes in hers his horny hands.  
 He kisses her and kisses her—Oh! what a lovely sight!  
 Says she, "Hold on there, Jack!" Says he, "I am with all my  
 might."

**THE SEEING EYE**

Get this firmly fixed in your mind:

Your character, your talents, your abilities, your attainments, your genius—when you achieve it—the quantity and quality of your very life, depend absolutely upon the use you make of your five senses and the materials they gather.

Ponder this truth until you understand it.

Then act upon it.

And you become limitless.

\* \* \*

**HIS OPPORTUNITY**

The Missouri pastor looked over his glasses and shook his uncut locks.

"Carrying out my original declaration," he said, "I am about to call the names of those persons who are now asleep in this congregation. John Stackpole."

There was no response.

"John Stackpole."

The stout man in the second pew stirred reluctantly.

"John Stackpole."

The stout man stirred again.

"Be down in a minute," he drowsily called. "Keep things hot for me."

The pastor's voice rang out.

"You're going down all right, John Stackpole," he roared, "and things will be kept very, very hot for you! Let us now sing the ninety-ninth hymn."

\* \* \*

"Two years ago I had money to burn, and I burnt it."

"How?"

"On an old flame of mine."

\* \* \*

Sarcasm—diluted rudeness.

THE TALLY

It isn't the job we intend to do,  
 Or the labor we've just begun,  
 That puts us right on the ledger sheet,—  
 It's the work we have really done.  
 Our credit is built upon things we do,  
 Our debt on things we shirk;  
 The man who totals the biggest plus  
 Is the man who completes his work.  
 Good intentions do not pay bills;  
 It is easy enough to plan;  
 To wish is the play of an office-boy;  
 To do is the job of a man.

\* \* \*

THE "LOST (DIS) CHORD"

Seated von night at de biano,  
 Und blaying I knew not vot,  
 I struck von "chord" of musik, but  
 Vitch von I haf forgot.  
 I shoumped 'most off by biano stool,  
 Py chiminy, it was creat!  
 It thrilled my soul shoost like it come  
 From bigs vot was under a gate.  
 I'f tried to make dot noise some more  
 But cannot find de notes;  
 Day scampered away like efery ding,  
 Shoost like some leedle shoats.  
 It may pe I shall hear again  
 Dot same "chord" mit its charms,  
 Ven zummer comes und I vill go  
 Und lif oud on de farm.



### DIDN'T LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER

A little society maid was she,  
 A Dresden china affair—  
 All hollow inside and painted without—  
 But she didn't seem to care.  
 Her memory was never on duty at all.  
 Her sense was all in her heels—  
 But she married a bright, intellectual chap;  
 And he only goes home to his meals.

\* \* \*

### ARMY AND NAVY CIGARETTES

Smoke them in the Army and smell them in the  
 Navy.

\* \* \* \*

### HUMORS OF LAW

We laugh at old Wouter Van Twiller,  
 Whose mode of deciding a case,  
 Was to go by the looks and the weight of the books  
 Which the lawyers brought into his place.  
 We jest at his manner of judging  
 Because it is queer to our eyes,  
 And the erudite way of our jurists today  
 Shows up as decidedly wise.  
 For now they determine on Justice  
 By means that are noble to see,  
 By a comma misplaced in a proofreader's haste  
 Or a failure at crossing a t.  
 And having thus climbed to perfection,  
 To Justice sans error or flaw,  
 Our laughter rings shriller at Wouter Van Twiller  
 And his way of deciding the Law.

THE FAN

Cynthia waved her fan with glee,  
 And, being in a playful mood,  
 She gave the airy toy to me,  
 And bade me "flirt it" if I could.  
 The pleasing toil I quick began,  
 But jealous pangs my bosom hurt;  
 "Madam, I cannot flirt a fan,  
 But by your leave I'll fan a flirt."

\* \* \*

A doctor went out for a day's hunting and on coming home  
 complained that he hadn't killed anything. "That's because you  
 didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

\* \* \*

He who repeats a tale oft-told  
 Is not so great a bore  
 As he who yawns—"Ah! that is old;  
 I've heard the yarn before."

\* \* \*

"Have you left your husband alone at home?"  
 "No; his cousin Mabel is looking after him."  
 "Anyone looking after Mabel?"

\* \* \*

"I wish you'd have your photo taken, Auntie."  
 "Not me! Why, I'm told the photographer sees you upside  
 down through the camera."

\* \* \*

Emulate the egg, which is smooth but at the same time  
 white—capable of immense development—light, but full of meat  
 —almost useless when cracked—reluctant to be drunk—strong-  
 est in old age—and most dangerous when thrown.



**VACATION'S OVER**

No more the sand dunes brown  
By breezes swept.  
We hustle back to town  
In Sept.  
Back at the hardware store  
Or ribbon dept.  
We're on the job once more  
In Sept.  
Those evenings by the sea,  
The trysts we kept,  
They're but a memory  
In Sept.

\* \* \*

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,  
A man and a maid and a moon;  
Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the real  
Psychological moment a spoon.  
A whisper, a promise, and 'summer is o'er,  
And they part in hysteric despair;  
(But neither returns in the following June,  
For fear the other is there).

\* \* \*

**TOO MUCH FOR HIM**

There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He could unscramble scrambled eggs,  
And uncuss custard pies.  
  
He could unbutton butter, too,  
But with all of his skill  
There was one thing he could not do—  
Unpay a paid gas bill.

## LAWYERS

Immanuel Kant says: As for lawyers, they are most part sharks and wreckers.

A lawyer looks over an estate, not with the idea of keeping it intact, but of dissolving it, and getting a part of it himself.

Lawyers, being attachés of courts of justice, regard themselves as protectors of the people, when really they are the plunderers of the people, and their business is quite as much to defeat justice as to administer it.

The evasion of the law is as truly a lawyer's work as compliance with law.

The connivance of lawyers tames the rank injustice of law, hence to a degree we live in a land where there is no justice save such justice as can be appropriated by the man who is diplomat enough to do without lawyers or wise enough to have no property.



**HAPPY MARRIAGE**

Two hearts that beat as one, of course,  
Are very nice.  
To do away with much divorce,  
They well suffice.

This sort of thing brings happiness  
In large amounts.  
Another thing helps more or less—  
Two bank accounts.

\* \* \*

**HE GUESSED**

She whispered in the honeymoon,  
"How cool you were when you proposed!  
And I, poor thing, thought I should swoon!  
You noticed how my eyes were closed?"

"I don't remember that," he said;  
"You did not seem at all confused;  
I knew that I had lost my head,  
And rather feared you were amused."

"You rogue," she said, but drummed her foot,  
"You're only teasing now, you know!  
You do remember how I put  
My finger in my mouth—just so?"

"All this," he said, "from me was hid!  
Was I not right to understand  
You put your finger where you did  
Because I tried to kiss your hand?"

\* \* \*

There are times when an upright piano is a downright  
nuisance.

A SEASIDE IDYL

"I love the sea," remarked Suzette.  
 "Then may I ask," said I,  
 "Why, if you fancy things so wet,  
 Your bathing suit is dry?"  
 She did not think my humor apt,  
 And gave me tit for tat:  
 "The ocean isn't fresh," she snapped,  
 "I like it, sir, for that.  
 I love it for its surf," she said,  
 "That bounds upon the shore."  
 "Suzette," I cried, "I'll be abused  
 In metaphor no more!  
 Come, let the blooming ocean go!"  
 (I put my arm around her.)  
 "I'll be your serf." Said she, "Oh, Joe,  
 You really are a bounder!"

\* \* \*

Sir Pointstake—Waiter, bring me some oysters. They must not be too small, nor too large, nor too fat and salty, and, above all things, they must be cold, but not too cold, and I want them quick!

Hammond Aigs (waiter)—Yas, sir; but you didn't specify yet whether you want them with or without pearls.

\* \* \*

Now, one and one are two, 'tis true;  
 But if the two do marry,  
 Then in a year, it may likely hap,  
 They're two, and one to carry.

\* \* \*

Tell a man he mustn't, and he will; tell a woman she mustn't, and you'll see.

The stork was expected at the minister's home, and there was also a large debt on the church. The same week that the baby came, one of the members died and willed enough money to pay off the debt.

Some of the members eagerly speculated and even bet on which the minister would refer to first in the next Sunday morning's prayer of thanks.

At that hour the minister said, "Oh, Lord, we thank thee for the succor thou hast sent us." And all bets were declared off.



### MODERN ROMANCE

Information, speculation, fluctuation, ruination.  
Dissipation, degradation, reformation or starvation.  
Application, situation, occupation, restoration.  
Concentration, enervation, nerve prostration. A vacation.  
Destination, country station, nice location, recreation.  
Exploration, observation, fascination—a flirtation.  
Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation.  
Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold libation.  
Stimulation, animation, inspiration, new potation.  
Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation!  
Declaration, acceptation, osculation, sweet sensation.  
Exultation, preparation, combination, new relation.

Said the shoe to the stocking,  
I'll put a hole in you,  
Said the stocking to the shoe,  
I'll be darned if you do.

Said the tree to the brook,  
I'll fall in you,  
Said the brook to the tree,  
I'll be damned if you do.

Said the boy to the girl,  
I'll put my arm around you,  
Said the girl to the boy,  
I'll be held if you do.

\* \* \*



The suffraget was feeling sore:  
She said: "I'll never, never more  
Go gallivanting days and nights  
To spread the creed of Equal Rights.  
The meeting that we had to-day  
Has turned my thoughts from votes away.  
How shocked I was when I got there,  
To see my housemaid in the chair!  
She had been chosen president;  
She boldly led the argument,  
And she whom I pay five a week  
Refused to let her mistress speak;  
"You're out of order," she announced,  
"Now mind your eye, or you'll be bounced."

\* \* \*

I shot an arrow into the air  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
But as it whirled down like a diver,  
I hope it pinked a taxi driver.

## SOLEFUL

The shoemaker sang, as he hammered away,  
"Oh, who is as happy as I am today?  
I save twenty soles where the parson saves one,  
And I always heel where the doctor heals none.  
I sit on my bench like a judge and I boot  
The people who say that my measures don't suit.  
I cut all my uppers, I care not for caste;  
My very first pleasure each day is my last.  
I'm always mending while others fall ill,  
And when I'm thirsty with cobblers I fill.  
I'll never peg out, for I always fill in,  
For how can I lose when I'm shoer to win?  
My goods are all soled before finished, and I  
Can foot all my bills without heaving a sigh.  
In fact, I am envied by great and by small,  
For of this world's blessings alone I have awl."

\* \* \*

It doesn't matter how small the scandal is—there is always  
enough to go round.

\* \* \*

Upon a time I had a heart,  
And it was bright and gay,  
I gave it to a lady fair,  
To have and keep alway;  
She soothed it, and she smoothed it,  
Then she stabbed it till it bled;  
She brightened it, and lightened it,  
And she weighed it down with lead.  
She flattered it, and battered it,  
And filled it full of gall;  
But had I twenty hundred hearts,  
Still should she have them all.

THE NO ACCOUNT

Onliest thing fo' which you's able—  
 Puttin' youh laigs beneaf de table!  
 Heah Ah am washin' de white folks' clo's,  
 An' you jes' nuffin' but dream an' doze;  
 Rake out, niggah, an' chop some wood—  
 Yoh ain' no count an' yoh ain' no good!

Ovah de washtub mawnin' an' night,  
 Arnin' de rent an' gittin' a bite;  
 Onliest thing yoh does es snoah,  
 Wif yoh chaiah prapped back on de jam' ub de doah;  
 Rastle roun' an' ahrn yoh braid,  
 Er Ah'll take dis pokah an' break yoh haid!

Onliest thing you can do is sleep;  
 An' when Ah say "wood" yoh bar'ly creep,  
 But when Ah says "eat" yoh's alluz there,  
 Fust at de table wif a hongry stare;  
 Mosey erlong, now, quick ez yoh can,  
 En do ez Ah tell yoh—niggah man!

Gahden to hoe an' berries to pick,  
 'Pon mah 'sperience, yoh make me sick;  
 Bucket ub bait an' a hickory pole,  
 An' dere yoh goes to de fishin' hole;  
 Onliest thing fo' which yoh's able  
 Ez stretchin' yoh laigs beneaf de table!





'A little bird once went in search  
Of a Jack for a loving Jill;  
And he was told, "Get off that perch  
And close your little bill."

\* \* \* \*

### MARY'S ANIMAL SHOW

Mary had a little lamb—  
'Twas Persian—on her coat.  
She also had a mink or two  
About her dainty throat;  
A bird of paradise, a tern,  
And ermine made the hat  
That perched at dainty angle  
On her coiffure, largely "rat."  
Her tiny boots were sable topped,  
Her gloves were muskrat, too.  
Her muff had heads and tails of half  
The "critters" in the zoo.  
And when she walked abroad, I ween,  
She feared no wintry wind;  
At keeping warm, 'twas plain to see,  
She had all Nature "skinned."

## THE BUSY MAN

The noblest man in the race of men  
Is not the preacher with tongue or pen,  
Nor the kindly person who "means the best,"  
But never will let his neighbor rest ;  
It's the busy man of sense and wit  
Who has a business and tends to it.

There's plenty of chaps who have a trade,  
But dream through the hours for which they're paid,  
And there are others whose special line  
Is butting in your affairs—and mine.  
They haven't the sense or nerve or grit  
To have a business—and tend to it.

If you've got any business of your own,  
Other folks' business you'll leave alone  
And you won't have time to be butting in,  
Stirring up trouble with friends or kin.  
To make a permanent, certain hit,  
Go get a business—and tend to it.

\* \* \*

## THE WAGON

They say a wagon is quite dumb,  
But someone for a joke  
One day unloosed the wagon's tongue—  
And then the wagon spoke.

\* \* \*

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch  
'Arf a hinch honward,  
'Ampered by 'obble skirts  
'Oppped the "400."

**MR. SHORT'S LAMENT**

"Now is the winter of my discontent ;"  
Within my jeans there's not a cent,  
And I'll be short till after Lent,  
For my bump of "pep" is but a dent.  
I think of the cash that I have spent,  
The corned beef hash with savory scent,  
Of meal tickets and monthly rent,  
And why my wife does not resent  
The many gifts that I've not sent.  
To contend with this my back is bent ;  
When I catch up I'll be content.  
You'll allow I'm a luckless gent ;  
On New Year's Day I will repent ;  
Forgive all this to some extent,  
And a moral in this is my intent,  
For many will know just what is meant.

\* \* \* \*

**THE REMNANT OF A MAN**

The speaker said, "Lend me your ears."  
I loaned 'em, though I had my fears.  
Oh, such a world of wicked men!  
I never got 'em back again.  
    The ears he had seemed very fine—  
    Why should the rascal care for mine?  
  
I riveted my eyes on him  
And then my sight grew very dim,  
The rivets he could not undo,  
Although he tried a week or two!  
    I'm sure you will not feel surprised  
    When I remark I miss those eyes.

Soon after at a dinner gay  
I gave my arm to young Miss May.  
She thought it was a souvenir!  
You see, I haven't got it here;  
She took my arm, but left my sleeve.  
It's hollow as you will perceive.

For young Miss May I ceased to care,  
And fell in love with Rose so fair.  
I lost my heart with courtly gravity—  
An old tin can now fills the cavity!  
I put some beets inside the can—  
I'm sure that was a hearty plan.

I married Rose! It must be told  
She proved to be an awful scold.  
She took my head off! That was sad!  
It was the only one I had!  
Oh, I'm a remnant of a man!  
Deny it, reader, if you can.



*Frank R. Walton.*

—Courtesy *Judge*, Copyrighted, Leslie Judge Co.

\* \* \* \*

### THE SERENADE

I hear him 'neath my window sill  
His ardent song of love begin.  
Ah, heart and brain of mine, be still,  
Nor let him guess the thoughts within.

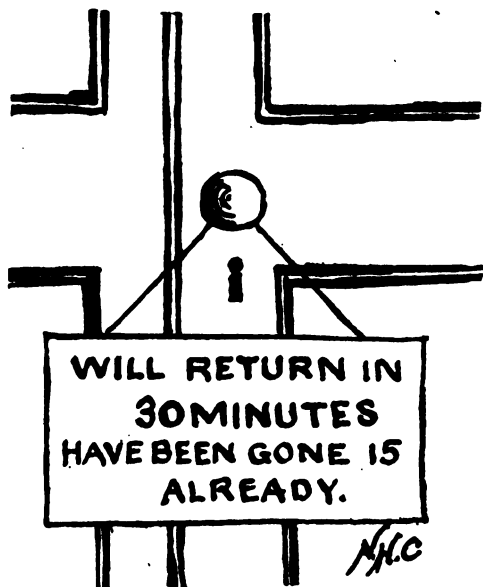
And if the moon be not too bright  
I'll ope my window wide and high  
And in the soft and silvery light  
Perchance his form I may espy.

Now often in the days of yore  
He breathed those old, familiar themes,  
And now to-night he comes once more  
To wake me from my happy dreams.

I would he were so close to me  
That I might make him deeply feel  
The thought that I with joyous glee  
Would but too happily reveal.

But, ah, I dare not be so bold  
For startled would he be thereat.  
Yet if his form I could behold  
I'd paralyze that yowling cat.

\* \* \*



NEXT

Bettina, one short year ago,  
 Adorned her pretty head  
 With puffs and curls and braids enough  
 To fill a feather bed.  
 At night when she retired to rest  
 The bureau top was piled  
 With human hair enough to drive  
 A Sioux with envy wild.

But now she plasters down her locks  
 Upon her lily brow,  
 And in a skimpy little braid  
 She binds them tightly now,  
 And doubtless Fashion's next decree  
 Will make us stare appalled,  
 For, running to extremes again,  
 Bettina will be bald.

\* \* \*

THE BLUFF

De ol' Marse Owl he call from de wood:  
 "I tole you, niggah, yo' bettah be good!"  
 En de mockin'-bird ansuh f'om de south,  
 En he say: "Marse Owl, yo' shet yo' mouf!"

Den ol' Marse Owl, in de big oak tree,  
 He gittin' mighty mad, en he say to me,  
 "I tole yo', chile, as suah as law,  
 Ise done gwine t' eat Mistah Mockin'-bird raw!"

But de mockin'-bird heah him boastin' so,  
 En his voice hit growl, ve'y deep en low,  
 En he say: "Caw! Caw! Wha' is dat owl?  
 I mek him squawk, en I mek him howl!"

Good a-Lawd! Marse Owl jes' scoot en hide,  
 En de mockin'-bird laughed twell he almos' died.  
 Hit ain't de things dat we see en know,  
 But de unseen things dat skeahs us so!



### STARTING RIGHT

Good resolutions?  
 Let me think.  
 Of course, to start,  
 I'll cut out drink—  
 And every in-  
 Vitation pass  
 And farewell bid  
 The friendly glass.

Old Pipe, my solace  
 And delight,  
 Your ancient bowl  
 No more I'll light.  
 The fat cigar  
 No more will grace  
 The classic outlines  
 Of my face.

The truth no more  
Will I disguise;  
I mustn't even  
Tell white lies,  
But always stick  
To the exact  
And more or less  
Annoying fact.

I'll be so good  
You'd never place  
Yours truly as  
The same old case.  
Puffed up a bit,  
I'll walk about  
And watch my wings  
Serenely sprout.

\* \* \*

The following poem, appearing in a recent issue of the *Century*, aptly illustrates the complexities of unsimplified spelling. It may also serve as a test to determine if one reads by eye or ear, for to an eye-minded person it is quite incomprehensible until read aloud.

### APE OWE 'EM

By Deems Taylor

When fur stews can this sill leer I'm,  
Toot rye tom ache theme e'en ink Lear.  
Youth inked wood butt be weigh sting thyme;  
Use eh, "It's imp lean on scents, shear!"

Gnome attar; Anna lies align!  
Nation mice lender verse says knot—  
Fork rip tick poet real Ike mine,  
How Aaron weal, demesnes allot.



## VERSES

If poetry were more like gas  
    This life would be much sweeter ;  
The rhymester then his time could pass  
    By copying the meter.

The simile is true; alas!  
    For one may well compare  
The poet's product unto gas—  
    It mostly is hot air.

But then, again, the bulky mass  
    Of amateurish bleat  
Will never sell like useful gas—  
    So much a thousand feet.

If poetry were gas, this earth  
    Could scarcely hold the lordly bard,  
For then his product would be worth  
    Ninety cents a cubic yard.

If poetry were only gas,  
    Then editors would not return it,  
They'd keep the stuff that wouldn't pass,  
    And gleefully at night they'd burn it.

If poetry were gas, my bard,  
    Take it from one who knows,  
The game would still be pretty hard;  
    We'd have to "cook with prose."

THE SPARROW AND THE SPOUT

A bloody, bloomin' sparrow  
 Lived in a bleedin' spout;  
 There came a bloomin', bloody rain  
 And drove the beggar out!

The bloomin', bleedin' sun came out  
 And dried the bloody rain,  
 And the bloody, bloomin' blighter  
 Went up the spout again!



*saying things behind her back*

## STYLES

In the good old times the two-buttoned gloves  
Were considered the thing "rechershay"  
And the gowns all the ladies esteemed "real loves"  
Came up to the neck all the way.

But now things have changed and we find the reverse,  
For two-buttoned dresses, by heck,  
Are considered the thing—though hard on the purse—  
And ladies wear gloves to the neck.

\* \* \* \*

## HER OLD GARDEN

O! well I remember my grandmother's garden,  
The worm-eaten cabbages all in a row,  
The woodpile, where meekly the fowls were-beheaded,  
The corners where ragweed and dock used to grow,  
The broken-down fence, and the mountains of rubbish,  
The miniature swamp where the dishwater fell,  
The ash-heap, the bottles, the torn paper boxes,  
The weather-worn pigsty that stood by the well.

There were old-fashioned pinks in my grandmother's garden.  
But the buds every season turned yellow and died,  
And a clothes-line, with overalls flapping upon it,  
And a barrel where Towser, the watchdog, was tied.  
So grateful am I for the health regulations  
That to beauty and sweetness and efforts compel,  
When memory points to the scenes of my boyhood,  
And the rickety pigsty that stood by the well.

TABLE MANNERS

Her father was a millionaire,  
 But proudly all his life—  
 While she poured tea and cut the cake—  
 He ate pie with his knife.

But through it all he held aloof,  
 And never tried to boss her;  
 And she—she never made a kick  
 When he drank from his saucer.

He scorned the ways of other men  
 Because his heart was proud;  
 It gave him great amusement when  
 He ate his soup aloud.

He always dined in shirt-sleeved state,  
 He masticated loud and free;  
 And never did he hesitate  
 To soak his crusts in his tea.

His feat of feats, however, was  
 The equilibrious ease  
 With which his knife conveyed across  
 His portion of boiled peas.

\* \* \*

THE MODERN FARMER

This farmer dialect we see  
 In print is mostly bosh.  
 A cultivated man is he;  
 He never says, "B' gosh!"

He never chews a piece of hay,  
He is no "rubber neck;"  
The English that he speaks is pure—  
He never says, "By heck!"

And when a gold brick you would sell,  
Before his money's blown,  
He says, "I'm from Missouri, son;  
I really must be shown!"

His trousers bag not at the knees,  
He lives a happy life,  
And never tries, when eating peas,  
To lift them on his knife.

His breakfast isn't partly pie,  
No sunburn peels his nose;  
He eats the best that he can buy  
And sells the stuff he grows.

\* \* \*

### DOES MA WISH SHE WAS PA?

"I wish I had a lot o' cash,"  
Said pa, one winter's night;  
"I'd go down South, an' stay awhile,  
Where days are warm and bright."  
He set and watched the fire die  
(Seemed lost in thoughtful gaze)  
Till ma brought in some fresh pine knots  
An' made a cheerful blaze.

"I wish I had a million shares  
O' stock in Standard Oil,"  
Sez pa; "I wouldn't do a thing."  
Ma made the kettle boil,  
'An' mixed hot biscuits, fried some ham  
An' eggs (smelt good, you bet!)  
Fetches cheese an' doughnuts, made the tea;  
Then pa—set down and et!

"I wish I was a millionaire,"  
Sez pa. "I'd have a snap."  
Next, from the lounge, we heard a snore;  
Pa—at his evening nap.  
Ma did the dishes, shook the cloth,  
Brushed up, put things away,  
An' fed the cat, then started up  
Her plans for bakin' day.

She washed an' put some beans to soak,  
An' set some bread to rise;  
Unstrung dried apples, soaked 'em too,  
All ready for her pies;  
She brought more wood, put out the cat,  
Then darned four pair o' socks;  
Pa woke an' sez, "It's time for bed;  
Ma, have you wound the clocks?"

\* \* \*

You prosecute the man or woman  
Who steals the goose from off the common—  
But leave the larger felon loose,  
Who steals the common from the goose.

**SAID KATE TO SISTER ANN**

"If I were you I'd give to Lou  
The mitten sure as fate,  
For he's a trifier through and through,"  
Said loving sister Kate.

**SAID ANN TO SISTER KATE**

" 'Tis not the mitten that he'll get.  
For him—wool socks you see;  
No mits from me not just yet.  
Alas! Cold feet has he!"

\* \* \* \*

**LACK OF RECIPROCITY**

Our preacher is a pious man,  
But practical, that's plain.  
He always looks at the weather reports  
Before he prays for rain.

Old Probs is not a pious man,  
With pain we must confess;  
He never asks how the preacher prays  
Before he makes his guess.

A Knight to Palestine did fare;  
He had the colic; when and where?  
In the middle of the (K)night.

\* \* \*

### **GRAFT**

I grafted to an Egg-plant stem  
Milkweed cuttings—nine of them,  
And very much to my surprise,  
I had a crop of custard pies.

\* \* \* \*

### **NATURAL HISTORY**

I state a fact. In many bogs  
To see that there is peace  
Among the lizards and the frogs,  
They have a tadpolice.

\* \* \*

### **OLD SAYINGS**

As poor as a churchmouse,  
As thin as a rail,  
As fat as a porpoise,  
As rough as a gale,  
As brave as a lion,  
As spry as a cat,  
As bright as a sixpence,  
As weak as a rat.

As proud as a peacock,  
As sly as a fox,  
As mad as a March hare,  
As strong as an ox,  
As fair as a lily,  
As empty as air,  
As rich as was Croesus,  
As cross as a bear.

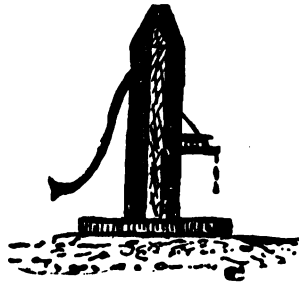


As pure as an angel,  
As neat as a pin,  
As smart as a steel trap,  
As ugly as sin.  
As dead as a door nail,  
As white as a sheet,  
As flat as a pancake,  
As red as a beet.

As round as an apple,  
As black as your hat,  
As brown as a berry,  
As blind as a bat,  
As mean as a miser,  
As full as a tick,  
As plump as a partridge,  
As sharp as a stick.

As clean as a penny,  
As dark as a pall,  
As hard as a millstone,  
As bitter as gall,  
As fine as a fiddle,  
As clear as a bell,  
As dry as a herring,  
As deep as a well.

As light as a feather  
As hard as a rock,  
As stiff as a poker,  
As calm as a clock,  
As green as a goslin,  
As brisk as a bee,  
And now let me stop,  
Lest you weary of me.



### THAT HONEST OLD PUMP

The old oaken bucket has figured in story,  
And rivers and brooks where waterfalls jump;  
And whoever gave an iota of glory  
To the honest, the awkward, the homely old pump?  
The honest old pump! the kindly old pump!  
Though homely and awkward, we'll sing for the pump!

How patient and quiet he takes our rough working,  
As, grasping his hand, it comes down with a thump—  
No hand is more friendly, though we give it such jerking,  
Than the one which we take from the friendly old pump—  
The honest old pump! the kindly old pump!  
Though homely and awkward, we'll sing for the pump!

He has worked hard for Temperance for many long years,  
And will work till Rum's demon shall pay his last trump;  
Till his victims, all rescued, shall silence their fears,  
And find their best friend in the faithful old pump—  
The honest old pump! the kindly old pump!  
Though homely and awkward, we'll sing for the pump!

## THEODORE AND WILHELM

Der Kaizer of dis Faderland,  
Und Roosevelt all dings command—  
Ve two und Gott, you understand—  
Myself—und Ted.

It used to be yust Gott und me,  
But Ted he come to make it dree,  
Und Gott don't count much latterly—  
Yust me—und Ted.

Yust me und Ted with power divine,  
To keep the rest of dem in line—  
In bease and war to give the sign—  
Und sometimes—Gott.

Myself und Ted der same as peas—  
Der same mit Gott, if you shall please,  
Der same in war, der same in bease—  
Myself—und Gott.

Der eastern hemisphere for me—  
For Ted der one across the sea—  
For Gott der sky, ve will agree—  
Myself—und Ted.

A health to me—a health to Ted—  
Und some for Gott, alreatty yet,  
Ve're Holy Trinity—und Gott.

\* \* \*

Into the net's preserving mesh  
The circus tumblers whirl and vault;  
And, of these tumblers, some are fresh  
And somersault!

FORCE OF HABIT

When Dorothy was making bread,  
 In maiden days long years ago,  
 Her rolled-up sleeves showed arms of snow,  
 Dimpled and round. Her cheeks aglow,  
 She never quite so happy seemed  
 As when her hands were in the dough.

Dear Dorothy is older now,  
 But habits cling to friend and foe;  
 While hubby sleeps, she, lying low,  
 Will through his bulging pockets go,  
 And never quite so happy seems  
 As when her hands are in the dough.

\* \* \*

She met him in the darkened hall.  
 Said he: "I've brought some roses."  
 Her answer seemed irrelevant;  
 It was, "How cold your nose is!"

\* \* \*

Here lies a man who never let  
 Profanity pass through him;  
 But sad to say, he caused a lot  
 Among the folks who knew him.

\* \* \*

"Mrs. Hen seems very pleased with herself to-day."  
 "Yes, she's just heard she's immortal."  
 "How?"  
 "Her son can never set."

\* \* \*

It's delightful for a tree to be shady, except when it happens  
 to be the family tree.

"Women must consider it a dreadful fate to be an old maid," said Mr. Ditchling.

"They do, Josiah," said his wife. "Look what terrible sticks they sometimes marry to escape it."

And Josiah rubbed his chin and said nothing.

\* \* \*

Just live within your income, for  
There's always this about it:  
You'll have to live within it, or  
Some day you'll live without it.

\* \* \*

"Your husband has a clever-looking head. I suppose he knows practically everything."

"Sh!—He doesn't even suspect anything."

\* \* \*

She—Does she really love him?

He—I should think so. Why, she's letting him teach her how to swim, although he doesn't know how, and she does!

\* \* \*

Cross-examination is the art of getting the truth out of a witness when the truth is not in him.

\* \* \*

### UNDER PRESSURE

"Did you tell Charley that you loved him?"

"Yes. I didn't want to, but he just squeezed it out of me!"

\* \* \*

When with me to the play she goes,  
I much admire the buds and bows,  
And all that on her headgear grows.  
But when some other night I see  
That hat between the stage and me.  
My taste and hers do not agree.



**The Author in 1958.**

A fortune teller looked ahead (?)  
 And turned to me and this she said:  
 "You've heard it thunder many times,  
 And pitched your tent in many climes,  
 But all things come to those who wait:  
 You'll live till nineteen fifty-eight,  
 Improve in looks as you grow old  
 As you no doubt have oft been told.  
 Doubt not my word and have no fears."  
 Here's how I'll look in forty years!

\* \* \* \*

**FOR MEN WHO DRINK**

To the married man who cannot get along without his drink  
 we suggest the following solution to the bondage of his habit:

Start a saloon in your own home. Be the only customer. You  
 will have no license to pay. Give your wife \$2.00 to buy a gallon

of whiskey, and remember there are sixty-nine drinks in one gallon.

Buy your drinks from none but your wife, and by the time the first gallon is gone she will have \$8.00 to put in the bank and \$2.00 to start business again.

Should you live ten years and continue to buy booze from her and then die of snakes in your boots, she will have money enough to bury you decently, educate your children, buy a house and lot, and marry a decent man and forget all about you.

\* \* \*

### WAITING FOR YOU

Down by the Shore, where the breezes will blow,  
Fresh from the sea with its ebb and flow,  
Smelling of oysters and scraps of old fish,  
Fragrant with chowder and other salt dish,  
Stands the Hotel, and the chef and his crew,  
Skinem and Bitem are waiting for you!

Up in the Mountains, beneath the blue sky,  
Rocks, and the Eagles, and everything high,  
Stunning old pines, and the hemlock and ash,  
Six-by-ten rooms for the ten-by-six cash,  
Stands the Bird Inn, and I'm telling you true,  
Bleedem and Soakem are waiting for you.

Out on the Farm, where the chickens and ducks  
Turn out the eggs with the quacks and the clucks;  
Onions and radishes, limas and corn,  
Mother's own pie, and, as sure as you're born,  
Right up to date and ready to "do,"  
Pickem and Pluckem are waiting for you!

Go where you will, for vacation or sport,  
Start away long you will stumble back short,  
Pocketbook empty; but listen and learn—  
Winter is coming, and the tables will turn.  
Pluckem and Pickem will turn up in Town,  
Then we will get them and do them up brown!

—Charles Irvin Jenkins.

Courtesy of *Puck*—Copyrighted.



### DON'T SHOOT

Don't shoot! Consider this one fact,  
The lack of manhood in the act;  
How could a creature of your size  
Take aim at any bird that flies?  
We are so helpless, and so small!  
The very tiniest boy is tall  
Compared with us. Put down your gun  
And seek some manlier kind of fun.

Don't shoot! Out there in tree and glade,  
In pretty nests that we have made,  
Our hungry little birdlings wait.  
Ah, think of their unhappy fate  
If we came not at set of sun!  
Put down your gun, put down your gun!



Don't shoot! But leave us free of wing  
To build, and nest, and soar, and sing.  
We ask so little, just to live.  
And for that privilege we give  
Our souls in song till life is done.  
Put down your gun, put down your gun!

Don't shoot! Earth has enough of joy,  
Of space, and food, for bird and boy;  
Enough for both of light and sun.  
Put down your gun, put down your gun!

\* \* \*

### BOB WHITE

Oh, sweet to the ear in the early morn  
Is the whistle clear, over rustling corn,  
Of the brown little bird whose rich content  
Is a breath of life by summer sent!  
His gladness thrills the heart, and spills  
The laughter of nature over the hills.

"Bob White!" "All right!"

"O Bob White!"

He pipes of dells with rippling rain,  
Of tinkling bells in the shady lane,  
Of sunburned cheeks and sun-filled heart,  
Of joyous life in the fields apart.  
A true chevalier, he spreads good cheer  
And the haunting dream of the golden year,

"Bob White!" "True knight!"

"O Bob White!"

Where leaves are aflame in the autumn air,  
 His shy little dame, with wifely care,  
 Will gather her brood about her breast  
 As the sun dips low in the purple West,  
 And lilt love's glee across the lea—  
 The deep, undying mystery;  
 "Loyalty!" "Loyalty!" "Loyalty!"

\* \* \*

### A CONFESSION

I try to treat my fellowmen  
 As I wish to be treated;  
 No man can tell you truthfully  
 That he has ever been by me  
 Maligned or robbed or cheated.  
 I try in all things to be fair,  
 To take but what is due me,  
 And yet, somehow, I never can  
 Help looking at the cards the man  
 Has drawn who sits next to me.

I try to do the honest thing  
 In every situation;  
 I ask but what I justly earn  
 And try to resolutely turn  
 My back upon temptation;  
 I strive to keep my conscience clear,  
 But secretly I snicker  
 When I can pass on some poor cuss  
 A quarter that is spurious  
 And let my conscience flicker.

**MISTER CUPID'S ADVICE**

He was stretched at his ease in the shade of a tree;  
Beside him were piled his arrows and bow.  
He was—well, undressed to a shameful degree,  
And the talk that ensued I have set forth below.

“Good morning, Dan Cupid.” He nodded his thanks.  
“I’ve a question to ask you. Please tell me, I pray,  
When you’re after us mortals and up to your pranks,  
What game do you think it befitting to play?”

“Young girls or old maids, bent double with age?  
For you needn’t deny you are after them, too.  
The lord or the valet? The clown or the sage?  
Adonis, or Cræsus, or little Boy Blue?”

“Mere years do not matter,” he said. “Age or youth,  
It’s all one to me, with the average steady;  
But when I want sport—and I tell you the truth—  
I hunt in the ranks of those married already.”

\* \* \*

“Why do we call our language the Mother Tongue, Dad?”  
“Because your Father gets such a little chance of using it.”

\* \* \*

Marry a woman who can swim. She can keep her mouth  
shut.

\* \* \*

**MURDEROUS RECREATION**

Wesley Kading, who is employed in a moving picture theatre in Sioux Falls, arrived Saturday to spend a two weeks’ vacation, shooting and visiting his parents and friends.—Webster (S. C.) Reporter.

TOUCHING TALE OF TIMOTHY TIGHTWAD

(Un Jeu de mote)

This is the tale of a cheap  
old skate,

Tim Tightwad his  
name and sad  
his fate;

No club would he join,  
so home he'd  
tramp

To drink Adam's ale  
and smoke a  
lamp.

His greed for gain was  
so intense,

He would tell no  
jokes at his own  
expense.

To keep from baldness  
and save his  
pelf,

Hair raising tales  
would tell to  
himself.

To pile up his gold he'd sit up late,  
And loan it out at usurious rate;

His debts were small, his bills were large,  
His hunting dogs were taught to charge.

Whatever he got he held it long,

He held his breath but it proved too strong.

There was nothing that gave him as much content  
As to use one nostril to get a (s)cent.



He held to a cold, kept all he'd get,  
Winner or loser claimed every bet;  
He would tighten his belt to keep in touch  
With a stomach that never was filled up much.

Oxtail and beef tongue was his only treat,  
For in that way he schemed both ends would meet.  
His milk of kindness was so condensed  
He made smearcase and was recompensed.

Once in a while his heart would soften,  
And he'd treat himself but not very often;  
To sharpen his appetite a knife he swallowed;  
Financial distress for his landlord followed.

His small change he clutched with a death-like grip,  
Not even his dicer would he tip;  
Oats to his nightmare he fain would deny;  
Rejoicing in what he would save thereby.

When winter's chill would around him lurk,  
He'd wrap himself up in his daily work,  
In brief authority himself he clothed,  
For tailor's bills he fairly loathed.

To afford a wife he felt too poor,  
So he hugged the shore through life's tenure.  
Once when he fell from an eight foot wall  
He called "police" to arrest his fall.

\* \* \* \*

To save the cost of a drink of beer,  
     He drank in the scenery, far and near;  
 To save his specks from wear and tear,  
     He looked over their tops with glassy stare.

He once made use of a pain in his back,  
     To keep out the cold in a window crack.  
 In double entry he kept his books,  
     And collected twice with itching hooks.

A beggar once asked him for a bit of dry toast,  
     Tightwad refused him, but gave him a roast;  
 He never gave else, at least 'twas his boast,  
     Until when he died he gave up the ghost.

\* \* \* \*

### PRACTICAL POINTER

"How doth the busy little bee  
     Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day  
     From every opening flower?"

Because the little busy bee  
     Just humps and gets to work.  
 The busy bee is not a dude,  
     And knows not how to shirk.

He does not mix in politics,  
     He smokes no cigarettes,  
 He never visits the saloons,  
     Nor wastes his stores on bets.

And this is how the busy bee  
Fills up his hive with honey,  
And this is how you may, young man,  
Make lots and lots of money.

\* \* \*

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
The clock was striking the hour,  
The hour rose up indignant,  
And struck back with all its power.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
In the park just out of town,  
I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
Because I couldn't sit down.

The moon rose over the city,  
Behind the old church spire,  
The moon rose over the city;  
And kept on rising higher.

I caressed her, O! so often,  
So often, O! so oft.  
I caressed her, O! so often,  
So often, O! so oft.

\* \* \*

Nothing to do but work,  
Nothing to eat but food,  
Nothing to wear but clothes  
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air  
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;  
Nowhere to fall but off,  
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,  
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,  
Nothing to weep but tears,  
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,  
Ah, well, alas! alack!  
Nowhere to go but out,  
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sight,  
Nothing to quench but thirst,  
Nothing to have but what we've got,  
Thus thro' life we are cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;  
Everything moves that goes,  
Nothing at all but common sense  
Can ever withstand these woes.

*Ben King.*

### SHOCKING!

An ornery pup is Ignatz Grand,  
His conduct is distressing;  
He went into the kitchen, and  
He watched the salad dressing.



He rambles through the house at will  
And no one's pardon begs,  
He went into the dining-room  
And saw the table's legs.

A naughty dog is Ignatz Grand,  
He really is too flip;  
He stood upon the doorstep, and  
He saw the weather strip.

A Peeping Tom is Ignatz Grand,  
To say the least, he's bad;  
He gum-shoed through the garden, and  
Watched there the lily pad.

\* \* \* \*

#### DE NOFE WIND

De col' Nofe wind blow down de flue  
An' say, "Ol' man, tek heed;  
I'se gwine to freeze yo' froo an' froo,  
Twel yo's froze cl'are dead indeed.  
I'se gwine to come when de night git black  
An' day ain' no man kin see,  
An' tote yo' off on my icy back  
To de col,' col' Nofe wif me."

"Ol' man, ol' man, cain't yo' hyah me cry?"  
An' de Nofe wind howl an' wail.  
"I'se a-gwine to come when de wood fiah die,  
When dey ain' no spark to warm yo' by,  
When de clab-board crack an' de chimbly sigh  
An' de ice form in de pail!"

De col' Nofe wind, he blow an' blow,  
 An' he say, "Ol' man, Ah come!"  
 Ah pile on wood twel de back log glow  
 An' Ah say, "Ah'll warm yo' some!"  
 Den de Nofe wind laff an' he say, "Whoo-ee!  
 Ah has got yo' now for sho'!"  
 Ah pile pitch pine twel de fiah sco'ch me  
 'An' de Nofe wind hunt de do!

"Ol' man, ol' man, cain't yo' hyah me cry?"  
 An' de Nofe wind moan an' grieve.  
 Ah poke de fiah twel it reach mos' nigh  
 Up de chimbly neck, 'case it burn so high,  
 'An' de hot spark blow in de Nofe wind's eye;  
 An' de col' Nofe wind—he leave!

\* \* \*

### THE WELL-KNOWN MAUD

Maud Muller on a summer's day  
 Appeared in Reno, far away.

In hat and gown of Paris style—  
 She also wore a hopeful smile.

The judge was duly holding court,  
 Reporters waited to report.

Fair Mrs. Muller made her plea—  
 And she was very fair to see.

"No more I rake the hay, alas!"  
 She said, "I'm thinking more of grass."

She told the court about her life  
And proved she was a luckless wife.

The judge, now bald behind his ears,  
Recalled to her the olden years.

He said, "Do you remember when  
I sighed those words, 'It might have been?'"

"Why, judge!" she cried, "I'm not that old!  
That is a tale my grandma told.

"I raked no hay—for mercy's sake!—  
All that I did was wed a rake."

The judge said, "In that case, of course,  
I'll have to grant you a divorce."

"Oh, thank you, judge," smiled Maud, "Ta ta!  
I think you deal in lovely law."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—  
In one short week she wed again.



TWO LOBSTERS

Draw him and quarter him, e'en to his marrow,  
For he first imported the small English Sparrow.  
And that other chump who brought in German Carp—  
St. Peter should say to him: "Skiddoo! No harp!"

Blank 'em, the idiots, sure they're the worst,  
That ever the air or the water yet cursed.  
Talk about mortals who make "angels weep,"  
No "look-in" have others, not even a peep.

The one should a bird-nest inhabit for life;  
The other be nagged by a carping old wife;  
And when they at last start to journey the Styx,  
Just boot them clear over with ten million kicks.

The sparrow—that mussy and noisy young cock—  
Is a robber of bird's nests and mighty poor stock;  
The carp eats the spawn of the other good fish,  
Pollutes all the waters and makes a poor dish.

Of good birds and fishes we now are bereft,  
And nothing but carp and the sparrow are left;  
Great damage is done to the land of our birth—  
Let's export and import these lobsters from earth.

\* \* \* \*

SUCH A LANKWITCH!

Our language is a curious thing  
It is, upon my word!  
A crowd of folks we call a "throng,"  
A throng of deer a "herd."

A herd of geese we term a "flock,"

A flock of ships a "fleet,"

A "bevy" is the synonym

We use for maidens sweet.

A group of cops we call a "squad,"

A squad of thieves a "band"—

No wonder aliens find our tongue

So hard to understand.

A band of wolves we call a "pack,"

A pack of bees a "swarm,"

A swarm of herring is a "shoal,"

So lexicons inform.

Our noisy kids we term a "troop,"

A "gang" of hoodlums they;

If of barbarians we speak

A "horde" is what we say.

A horde of oxen is a "drove,"

A drove of whales a "school"—

To learn the variants of this term

You've got to be no fool.

No, siree!

\* \* \*

Let us then be up and doing

Everybody else, and thus

We'll be stealthily pursuing

Those who would be doing us.

THE CROSSED FINGERS

He swore that her kiss was the first he had had!  
 But his fingers were crossed!  
 He'd kissed but his mother when he was a lad!  
 Yes, his fingers were crossed!  
 He vowed that not only he'd ne'er had a taste  
 Of quivering lips, but that no other waist  
 Had ever been clasped by his arm. Then in haste  
 His two fingers he crossed!

The sparkler he gave her he'd purchased that day—  
 But his fingers were crossed!  
 No previous maiden had worn it—nay, nay!  
 But his fingers were crossed!  
 And never, so long as his life should endure,  
 Would eye, cheek or lip of another maid lure,  
 He knew it—past every doubt, he was sure—  
 But his fingers were crossed!

She listened to all of the buff he had said  
 While his fingers were crossed!  
 She laid on his bosom her wise little head!  
 While his fingers were crossed!  
 She answered so low that the famed "little bird"  
 Who peddles sweet secrets could scarcely have heard  
 As she breathed, "Oh, my love, I believe every word!"  
 But her fingers were crossed!

Now comes another scientist, who seeks to shock us with  
A very grave announcement that old Adam was a myth.  
He says the fig leaf is a simple figment of the brain ;  
We must not blame old Adam when we go to raising Cain ;  
So, good-by, Adam ; Noah, too, and Jonah—all are gone—  
But, Mister Scientist, please leave us Eve to blame things on.

We cling to Eve—we've got to have a plausible excuse  
For every little tendency to turn our language loose,  
Or steal a horse, or crack a bank, or gayly to deceive—  
Those things, you know, originated with good mother Eve.  
So shatter Adam, if you will, but in our lexicon  
Be sure to leave the name of Eve for us to blame things on.



### KIPLING'S PSYCHOLOGY

I saw an old cow grazing in a meadow by a stream ;  
Her mouth was full of grasses and her eyes were full of dream ;  
I was filled with apprehension as I watched her switching tail,  
For Kipling says the female is more deadly than the male.  
But the day was warm and sultry, and while gazing at the cow,  
With a red bandanna handkerchief I wiped my heated brow,  
And presto! came a raging bull, and drove me up a tree,  
For the he-male of that species is more deadly than the she.

And when at last I got away, full well I used my legs;  
I jumped a fence, and scared a hen who sat upon her eggs;  
With cacklings wild she waddled off. I felt myself grow pale,  
For I feared the fearsome female that's more deadly than the  
male!

But the cock came running up with wrath and ruffles on his brow;  
He saw another rooster, and he blamed him for the row;  
And the way they made the feathers fly was terrible to see,  
For the he-male of *that* species is more deadly than the she.

Then a frenzied turkey gobbler got mixed up in the fight,  
And I turned to leave the barnyard, when I saw a startling sight—  
A wild-eyed, wondering nanny-goat—she really made me quail,  
For I thought, suppose this female *should* be deadlier than the  
male!

So I tried to shoo her off, but I had reckoned without Bill,  
Who galloped up and butted in, and helped me down a hill;  
More mussed up and discouraged then I felt I could not be,  
For the he-male of *that* species is more deadly than the she.

Some sheep were feeding near me, and I caught the old ram's  
eye,

So I went and begged for shelter at a little house near by;  
And there I saw a woman, and my courage 'gan to fail,  
For here *was* Kipling's critter who's more deadly than the male;  
But as she let me in I heard a person raging 'round,  
Whose intemperate actions filled me with astonishment profound.  
And I fled before the aspect of Tim Sullivan O'Grady,  
For the gentleman of the species was more deadly than the lady!

\* \* \*

With seances of spiritualists  
His wife relieved the tedium,  
But when she gave to one his watch  
He struck the happy medium.



**WE'RE ALL A-FISHIN'**

Pop sez that this world we live in  
Is one big fishin' pond,  
An' we've all been fishin' fer somethin'  
Since the time the first day dawned.

He sez some are fishin' for trouble,  
An' others are fishin' fer fame,  
'An' the banks are alive with girls  
A-fishin' to change their names.

He sez the grafters are fishin' for suckers,  
Newlyweds are fishin' fer bliss,  
Ministers are fishin' fer souls to save,  
The lover to hook a kiss.

He sez the vain ones are fishin' fer compliments,  
The bums are fishin' fer booze,  
The nabobs are fishin' fer diamonds and things,  
The poor for food and shoes.

He sez that we're at it all of the time,  
A-fishin' fer what we wish,  
So, w'en I'm not really a-fishin' fer fish,  
I'm fishin' to fish fer fish.

\* \* \*

**A WESTERN MADRIGAL**

The jack rabbit loped for the cactus clump  
When he heard the gun's big blare;  
He winked, and said as the hunter passed:  
"And he never turned a hare!"

The rattlesnake squirmed on the 'dobe wall,  
He wriggled now in, now out ;  
He said, as he smiled a deep, wise smile ;  
"I'm rattled, beyond a doubt."

The chaparral cock in the "loonie" patch  
Skipped gingerly over the thorns,  
While the horned toad grinned, then laughed outright,  
And merrily blew his horns.

And the cricket cricked and quail didn't quail,  
And the locust over the hill  
Just rasped his wings with his buck-saw legs,  
And cussed as a low cuss will.



### **A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL**

A young lady sings in our choir,  
Whose hair is the color of phoir,  
She has such a fair chique  
But her charm is unique  
It is really a joy to be nhoir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle,  
She gives me a beautiful smaisle,  
And of all her beaux  
I am certain she sheaux  
She likes me the best all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,  
Low-cut at the front and the bacque,  
And a loving boquet  
Worn in such a cute wuet  
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,  
In marriage her hand I shall sique;  
If she's not a coquette  
Which I'd greatly regruette,  
She shall share my six dollars a wique.

\* \* \*

### THE STRONGER SEX

Poor Algernon made bold to eat  
A piece of ordinary pie;  
It brought him misery complete,  
He almost thought that he would die.

Clarinda, on the other hand,  
When it was ninety in the shade,  
Ate chocolates which she said were "grand,"  
And washed them down with lemonade.

She took ice cream with syrup pink  
Until there was no keeping count;  
She quite exhausted, people think,  
The menu at the soda fount.

With salted almonds she made free,  
 She swallowed pickles by the score,  
 And salad she effaced with glee,  
 And then serenely ordered more.

Now why does nature thus contrive  
 The boasted strength of man to flout?  
 Why does Clarinda thus survive,  
 While Algernon is down and out?



### THE INN KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Beside the highway stood an inn,  
 And in the inn the keeper;  
 The worthy keeper of the inn  
 Was what you'd call a sleeper;  
 But he possessed a daughter rare,  
 And she was wide awaker—  
 The lads for miles would drop in there  
 But knew not how to take her;  
 And by the way she got their fare  
 She proved a clever fakir.

Now, whether she was in the inn  
It really never mattered ;  
When she was absent, guests were thin—  
Without the maid they scattered.  
And truth to tell, if in the inn  
He stayed without his daughter,  
So out was he, though he was in,  
He quickly went and sought her ;  
He could go out and still be in,  
If in he left his daughter.

—Courtesy of *Puck*, Copyrighted.



### A GENTLEMAN

A man that's clean inside and out ; who neither looks up to the rich nor down to the poor ; who can lose without squealing and who can win without bragging ; who is considerate of women, children and old people ; who is too brave to lie, too generous to cheat, and who takes his share of the world and lets other people have theirs.

**FAST ENOUGH WITHOUT THAT**

An engineer says that the usual life of a locomotive is thirty years. Perhaps it would live longer if it didn't smoke so much.

\* \* \*

**POOR HENRY**

"It is quite clear that Mrs. Peck is the ruling power in that household."

"Yes, indeed. Poor Peck isn't even recognized as a belligerent."

\* \* \*

**DODGING AN ISSUE**

"Do you know where I can buy any counterfeit money?" inquired the man with a suitcase.

"Are you looking for trouble?"

"No. But I'm against the tipping evil and at the same time I want to go through the formalities and avoid being made uncomfortable by the waiters."

\* \* \*

**UNSYMPATHETIC**

"Lady," said Plodding Pete, "dat dog of yours come mighty near biting me."

"Well," replied the matter-of-fact woman, "Cæsar is getting old ah' kind of careless. Every once in a while he misses somebody."

\* \* \*

**SUCH A SURPRISE!**

Officer (instructing recruit in signaling)—Didn't you get that message?

Recruit—Yes, sir, three Taubes and a Zeppelin comin' hover 'ill.

Officer—Then why the deuce didn't you send it on?

Recruit—Well, sir, Hi couldn't 'ardly believe it.

**TWO OF A KIND**

Redd—Named your new motor boat yet?

Greene—Yes; we've named it after our young son, because it makes such a fuss when it comes in contact with water.

\* \* \*

**EASY MONEY**

Burglar—Come, now, I just beat up the janitor and got upstairs here and I want your purse quick.

Flatdweller—You beat up the janitor?

Burglar—Yes. Here, where are you going?

Flatdweller—It's all right. I haven't any purse myself but I'm sure I can raise one among the tenants in a very few minutes.

\* \* \*

**NECESSARILY SLOW**

A California youngster had been permitted to visit a boy friend on the strict condition that he was to leave there at five o'clock. He did not arrive home until seven, and his mother was very angry. The youngster insisted, however, that he had obeyed her orders and had not lingered unnecessarily on the way.

"Do you expect me to believe," said his mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?" She reached for the whip. "Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma," sobbed the boy. "Charlie Wilson gave me a mud turtle—and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."

\* \* \*

**A WISH NOT INTENDED**

Pupil—Teacher, may I be absent this afternoon? My aunt's cousin is dead.

Teacher—Well—yes—I suppose so; but really I wish it was some nearer relation.

PARBLEAU

"Does she doubt your love, count?"

"Parbleau! Worse! She doubts my title."

\* \* \*

RETALIATION

Gibbs—Does your wife ever scold when you have been out late at the club?

Dibbs—Never! She merely gets up at four o'clock the next morning and practices on the piano, and I daren't say a word.

\* \* \*

A broken promise can be repaired, but it can never be made as good as new.

\* \* \*

Even a married man's love is apt to grow cold if his breakfasts are not kept warm.

\* \* \*

Many a man burns his bridges behind him without carrying any fire insurance.

\* \* \*

You never can tell. The college student with the broadest shoulders isn't always the one who carries off the most honors.

\* \* \*

Chickens come home to roost, and a promissory note always displays the same tendency.

\* \* \*

It isn't every man who can reap his reward without cutting his fingers.

\* \* \*

The descent of man sometimes consists of falling in love.





**"Now, Percy, you sit on those eggs until I return"**

### **THE SOCIAL SCALE**

When I proposed she answered, "No;  
The man I wed must have the Do."

When next I piped my plaintive lay,  
She said, "Of hope there's not a Re."

Again I made my fervid plea—  
She cast a withering glance at Mi.

She met my fourth with cool "Aha!  
This matter's gone a bit too Fa."

Five times I sought to gain the goal,  
Said she, "You are a patient Sol!"

The sixth, she said, "Go ask papa,  
Perhaps he'd like a son-in-La!"

So, armed with lengthy pedigree,  
I bolted forth, her dad to Si.

"She's yours, young man! Such nerve, I know,  
Will make up for your lack of Do."

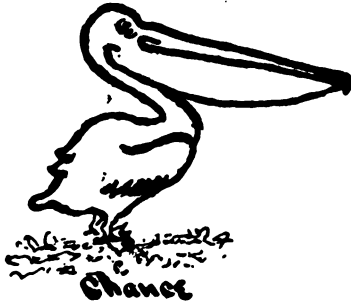
Moral:

Young man, don't mourn your dearth of kale,  
Just persevere—you'll run the scale.



### THE PELICAN

A wonderful bird is the pelican  
His pouch holds more than his belly can.  
Surplus for a week he holds in his beak,  
I can't understand how the hell he can.



Adam was the only man in the history of the world who never tried to blame his downfall on heredity.

\* \* \*

Superstition is what prompts a person to believe a horseshoe over the door has more virtue than a lock and key.

\* \* \*

Some people are so careless they don't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to them.

\* \* \*

It's all right to put your best foot forward, but let the other one catch up with it.

\* \* \*

There isn't much use in telling a girl you would die for her unless you carry a pretty heavy life insurance.

\* \* \*

Don't waste all your flowers on the dead. Throw a few bouquets to the live ones once in a while.

\* \* \*

To be old enough to know better is merely a figure of speech.

\* \* \*

A man must indeed be mighty busy when he hasn't time to stop and watch a dog fight.

\* \* \*

"Have you shoulder of mutton?"

"No, but I've a nice leg."

"I was talking about the menu."

"So was I."

\* \* \*

"Can I have a couple of towels, please?"

"Are you going to stay here all the summer?"

## THE PROPOSAL

Dear, I must speak—hear me one moment, Florence;

I love you, darling!—am I too abrupt?

Yet check me not; my love for you in torrents

Is pouring to my lips—don't interrupt.

Take for thine own the heart that madly thuds on

My western ribs, and test its boundless store:

Take—ouch! I wish you wouldn't pin your duds on;

That's twice the little beast has tasted gore!

I cannot face a line of lonely morrows.

Life without thee were but a desert. Speak

Only one word, and share my joys and sorrows,

My heart, my hearth, my thirty plunks a week.

Take thou a love that never shall diminish,

Though life be storm or sunshine, smooth or rough;

Confound it, do shut up, and let me finish

The other bit that's written on my cuff!

My erstwhile haunts I shun, my clothes grow seedier;

Obsessed with love, I eye them joylessly.

I have no thought for anything but thee, dear;

Life tastes like Scotchless soda, lacking thee.

Thou are my heart's ideal; round thee are wove all

My—hark! A paper-boy—excuse me, dear!

I must just see what's happened at the Oval

And Lord's—shan't be a moment. Hi, boy! Here!

(Exit hastily.)

\* \* \*

"And what, Percy," asked the Sunday School teacher, "must we do before our sins can be forgiven?" The bright boy was on to the correct answer like a hundredweight of glue. "Sin," he said.

**A GOLF PARADOX**

Here's to the goddess, chic and sweet,  
Most 'witchingly garbed from head to feet,  
Who fozzles and fumbles, and really can't play,  
Yet "whose form is perfect," the men all say.

\* \* \*

**HIS SHRINE**

When on his way to evening service, the new minister of the village met a rising young business man of the place, whom he was anxious to interest in the church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said, solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir; every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile, "I'm on my way to see her now."

\* \* \*

**THE CONSTANT LOVER**

My faithful heart's too strong and true  
To break as hearts so often do,  
And thus, when any maid I woo  
Grows cold and stilted,  
I seek some other, gentler dame,  
As fair of face, as sweet of name,  
And go on loving still the same,  
Although I'm jilted.

I fancied that in Maud I'd got  
A maiden who'd forget me not;  
But when she saw McNab, a Scot,  
All brogued and kilted,  
Beside his free and manly grace,  
His walk so proud, his pride of race,  
I seemed so very commonplace  
That I was jilted.

Because she deemed, with some disdain,  
That I was not a man of brain,  
The nose of my Matilda Jane  
At me was tilted;  
She met a bore of intellect,  
Large-headed, moony, slender-necked,  
And loved him better, I expect,  
So I was jilted.

Fair maids, they're all so false! But I'm  
A constant wooer, staunch, sublime,  
I keep on wooing all the time,  
Unsoured, unwilted,  
And will keep on as I've begun.  
They'll jilt me as they've always done,  
But I shall love another one  
Each time I'm jilted.

Nan loved me, till her cousin Ned  
Became a Yeoman fierce and dread,  
And wore a sabre which, he said,  
Was silver-hilted;  
He looked as only soldiers can,  
And martial glory pleases Nan;  
I'm not a military man;  
So I was jilted.

\* \* \*

Tailor (very annoyed)—You were naked and I clothed you.

Debtor—And you were a stranger and I took you in.

\* \* \*

What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden? His foot.



There was a dachshund once so long  
 You haven't any notion  
 How long it took him to notify  
 His tail of his emotion;  
 And so it happened when his eyes  
 Were wet with woe and sadness  
 His tail would still be wagging on  
 Because of previous gladness.

\* \* \*

### QUEER SPELLING

Consider gn<sup>ow</sup> the gnu,  
 And how to spell his gname.  
 I put it up to you—  
 Is not the same a shame?

Then too, we have the gnat  
 Which spells in the same way,  
 But such a way as that  
 Will gnever do today.

These gentry should be told  
 To make another try.  
 In present days we hold  
 It's time to simplify.

"I've not made up my mind," said Carrie,  
 "Whether I really dare to marry.  
 Men do such rude, ungenerous things,  
 Not that I'd have them sprouting wings.  
 But why, why don't they cultivate  
 Soft, gentle ways and live sedate?  
 Society would stand aghast  
 If womankind lived half so fast!"

"That's true," he answered. "In the main  
 Men do live faster. Else explain:  
 When we left school long years ago  
 Our ages were the same, you know.  
 Taking that record of the past,  
 I must have lived confounded fast,  
 Else how comes it I'm thirty-two,  
 And only twenty-four are you?"

\* \* \*

## SECOND SIGHT

They say that cats can see at night,  
 No matter if it isn't light;  
 But that ain't nothin', for I know  
 That sister Susie, when her beau  
 Is talking to her in the dark  
 With no light but a tiny spark,  
 Can see at night as well as they;  
 Because one time I heard her say,  
 "Why, George, you didn't shave today!"

\* \* \*

"I suppose you're glad you've got all your daughters off  
 your hands?"

"Umph! not exactly. I now have to keep all their hus-  
 bands on their feet."



## CONSOLATION

Alas! It rains so hard, the night is chill,  
And, though I'm lonely, I must stay within;  
Would that a friend might come! But no one will;  
I have no thrilling novel to begin,  
I have no cheering occupation planned,  
Wherewith to busy mind, and heart, and hand.

And yet I call myself an optimist!  
Let's see what consolation I can find,  
What new device to give a cheerful twist  
To gloomy thoughts fast poisoning my mind;  
Ah, yes! I'll make my solitude a treat,  
I'll have fried onions—all that I can eat!

\* \* \*

"Did you give him a black draught, as I told you?"  
"The shop hadn't got any draughts, so I got him a box  
of dominoes. He's swallowed the double six, but I don't be-  
lieve he'll ever take another."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Shem said to Ham, "What a fright I am,"  
As they walked through Mount Ararat Park;  
"Every nursemaid and cook  
Will declare that I look  
Just as if I'd come out of the Ark."

\* \* \*

Think big, talk little, love much, laugh easily, work hard,  
give freely, pay cash and be kind—it is enough!

\* \* \*

"My husband would have spent his fortune in a year if it  
hadn't been for me."

"How did you stop him?"

"I spent it!"



### THE VILLAGE FROG

Under the lily pads and things  
 The big old bullfrog squats;  
 His greenish hide is thick, b'jings,  
 With warts, and lumps, and knots,  
 And when he swells himself and sings  
 His voice is rough in spots.

His thighs are thick, and big, and strong;  
 Yet he enjoys his ease;  
 And when the echoes of his song  
 Are borne upon the breeze,  
 His normal slope, unless I'm wrong,  
 Is forty-five degrees.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him sound his gong, all right,  
With measured beat and slow.  
Like a bruiser spoiling for a fight  
When there isn't any foe.

On Sundays come the village boys,  
With fishing poles, red rags,  
And sticks, and stones ; and then his voice  
Mysteriously lags.  
He hides himself—he has no  
choice—  
Down deep amid the flags.

Squatting, hiding, bellowing,  
Onward through life he goes,  
He eats a little, tries to sing,  
And warbles through his nose.  
He doesn't have to do a thing  
To earn a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my  
warty friend,  
For the lesson thou hast  
taught!  
Thus, in the great frogpond of  
life,  
There's nothing else on earth to  
do  
But keep from getting caught!



TO A CORSET

By you her slender form's encased  
 For hours every day;  
 She tells you not your zeal's misplaced,  
 Nor pushes you away.  
 Your constancy is much approved,  
 And though at night you are removed,  
 Yet you are still her stay.  
 Ah! what a lucky dog you are,  
 You very little know;  
 Your presence she would ne'er debar  
 Nor tell you you were slow.  
 And though she has you "on a string,"  
 Still to her heart she lets you cling,  
 While I am told to go.

\* \* \*

His Friend—I hear that a stork visited your house last night.

Newlyblessed (tragically)—Storks!

\* \* \*

Mend your ways, and your means will take care of themselves.

\* \* \*

Before marriage a woman expects a man; after marriage she suspects him; and when he is dead she respects him.

\* \* \*

Miss G.—Well, and what did you think of Lil's baby? How did it look?

Mr. Fitz-B.—Um-ah! It is quite small, clean-shaven, red-faced, and looks like a hard drinker.

\* \* \*

There certainly is one good thing to be said of Adam. He never uttered one unkind word to his mother-in-law.

## THE ETTE LIFE

He did not wed a suffragist  
When caught in Cupid's net,  
But in the lottery he found  
He drew a suffragette.

Within a small apartment next  
Their household gods they set;  
It had no place in which to cook  
Except a kitchenette.

Their meals were also whittled down  
For lack of room to let,  
With breakfastette and luncheonette  
And lastly dinnerette.

But from this patent sort of life  
Results were very plain;  
He had no painette in his tum—  
Not much! He had a PAIN!

\* \* \*

"Our parlormaid doesn't like you coming to see me so often."

"Great Scott! I don't call to see her, so what——"

"I know, but she's afraid some of the neighbors will think you do."

\* \* \*

It is not because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.

\* \* \*

"They say that this year's wheat crop has never been beaten," said our Harry.

"No," said the wit, "but it's been threshed."

QUESTION

Molly is a sweet young miss  
 On whom I call o' nights,  
 And long we sit close up—like this,  
 Both lost in dreamy flights.  
 Now, as we coddle up to each  
 A question grips my noddle;  
 While she's what fellows call a "peach,"  
 Am I a Molly coddle?



THE FOOL THAT DROPS THE MATCH

It has been said that anywhere  
 The biggest fool afloat  
 Is he who makes a rocking chair  
 Of someone else's boat;  
 But equal with him in the race  
 The eggs of woe to hatch  
 Is, in unknown or known disgrace,  
 The fool that drops a match.

What is't to him if, in his haste,  
A fragrant weed to try,  
The folds of woman's pride and taste  
Hang dangerously nigh?  
What if a precious life recede  
With flame enhanced dispatch?  
He did not do the shameful deed;  
He only dropped a match.

What is't to him if stores of wealth  
In flame may disappear,  
Or friends that walked in joy and health  
May nevermore come near?  
What if explosions upward spring  
A hundred lives to snatch?  
He didn't do much of anything;  
He only dropped a match.

Incendiary—guilty one  
(As yet not doing time)  
You'll learn the lesson, ere you're done,  
That carelessness is crime.  
But when your future home you view,  
And lift its red hot latch,  
No matter then how often  
You may drop the lighted match.

\* \* \*

### BORN OF ENVY

Some mean "old maid," without a doubt  
Who never tasted bliss,  
Was first to start that lie about  
The microbes in a kiss.

## IN FALL

Our Willie has some  
Loosened slats.  
'Twas partly football,  
Partly frats.

\* \* \*

## A DILEMMA

I stood on the bridge at midnight, and my mind was a total loss,  
For really I couldn't determine whether to go across,  
Or return the way I'd come, from over the ebbing tide.  
You see, what I actually wanted was to gain the opposite side;  
But every time I tried to, the opposite side, I declare,  
Was *here*, and when I came back the opposite side was *there*!  
Courtesy Judge, Copyrighted, Leslie Judge Co.

\* \* \*

" 'Tisn't what you do or say,  
It's all in the way you do or say it;  
What would an egg amount to, pray,  
If the hen got on the roost to lay it?"

\* \* \*

## WHO'S AFRAID?

The wise physicians tell us there is danger in a kiss;  
Disease and death may reach us through that avenue of bliss,  
The gentle osculation, which our being wildly thrills,  
May bring us months of sickness and a lot of doctor bills.

They say that with the honey we are all too prone to sip  
The deadliest bacteria may pass from lip to lip,  
But when a fellow gets a chance to kiss a pretty maid,  
He's very apt to say, "Oh, hang the doctors! Who's afraid?"



Did you tackle that trouble in a manly way,  
With a heart courageous and cheerful?  
Or did you hide your face from the light of day  
With a craven heart and fearful?  
Oh! a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,  
Or a trouble's what you make it;  
The principal thing is not, "Are you hurt?"  
But only, "How did you take it?"

\* \* \*



A Chance Rembrandt

### HIS HOUSE AND LOT

A cyclone blew his house away,  
And moved it from the spot.  
And now he sits around all day  
And grumbles at his lot.

**A TUNNEL EPISODE**

Maiden seated in the train,  
    Pocket full of money;  
Down beside her sits a man—  
    Maiden thinks it funny.

Quickly speeds the train along,  
    In a tunnel enters,  
Maiden's thought most anxiously  
    On her pocket centres.

Quietly her little hand,  
    Toward the money stealing,  
Finds a hand already there,  
    Robbery revealing.

Fiercely clutches she the hand,  
    On hysterics verging,  
Waiting till the train shall be  
    From the dark emerging.

Into sunlight now at last  
    Train shoots like a rocket.  
Maiden finds she has her hand  
    In the stranger's pocket.

\* \* \*

"A stitch in time saves nine," 'tis said.  
    Another saw might run:  
"When two young people would be wed,  
    A knot in time makes one."

\* \* \*

She—He talks like a book.  
He—What a pity he doesn't shut up as easily.

**A WET BLANKET**

So you're in love?

That is the girl over there, and you've won her?  
Say, my congrats. She's just twenty? Oh, really!  
Regular "stunner"? She looks it—or nearly;  
Sweet Twenty—stunner!

Golden, her hair?

Well, you've seen it in *all* lights, I take it:  
Judging from here—well, let's exercise charity;  
Gold, if you will, then; it's real 18-carrotty.  
*Old* gold, let's make it.

Teeth that are pearls?

(Easy mistake, when to Cupid apprenticed.)  
Matchless? Oh, nonsense; they're easily matchable;  
Porcelain, laddie, not pearls; they're detachable.  
Ask any dentist.

Rounded, her cheeks?

Chin firmly moulded? *It is!* and I'll bet it  
Means, when too late, that the chap who's her hub'll  
Find to his cost he was looking for trouble:  
Faith, and he'll get it!

\* \* \*

Sober Man (angrily)—Look where you step, man!

Tipsy Man (apologetically)—Yes, I do; the trouble is to  
step where I look.

\* \* \*

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their  
own business. One is that they haven't any mind; the other  
is that they haven't any business.



### SASSY LIL' WREN

Sassy lil' wren, you frisks aroun'  
Des lak you'se de bigges' man in town.  
Don't know how to sing a bit—  
Des "cheep" a lil' as roun' you flit,  
But you'se full ob hustle an' you'se full of biz;  
You maiks folks think you'se mo'n you is.

Sassy lil' wren, dis worl' am full  
Ob people ain't got no money nor pull,  
But dey maik a bluff an' push ahead—  
Dey'll be livin' when others am dead.  
De mockin' bird he sing so sweet,  
But it's bluffers lak you dat's got him beat.

## HEARTS

They played at hearts on the ocean strand,  
When the moon was shining bright;  
He thought that the queen was in his hand,  
She thought she played aright.  
But summer went by, and they both have strayed  
Away from the fickle wave;  
He says 'twas only the deuce she played,  
She says he played the knave!

\* \* \*

"Weren't you happier when you were poor?"  
"Yes; but I'd rather be envied than snubbed."

\* \* \*

"Father, you shouldn't have kicked Ralph last night. I know you nearly broke his heart."

"Nonsense; his heart wasn't anywhere near where I kicked him."

\* \* \*

An extremely frank lady was once asked, "Do you ever think of getting married?"

"Think?" she answered, with some asperity. "I worry."

\* \* \*

A broken heart is a sad, sad thing;  
A broken head is worse;  
But a broken pocket-book, my friend,  
Is mankind's greatest curse.

\* \* \*

Lawyer—In addition to all this there will be the fee for the court crier.

Lady Litigant (breach of promise)—Oh, I shall do my own crying. I shouldn't dream of trusting anybody else to do that. Heavens, no!

HANDY ANDY

An all-round man is the man for me,  
With flash of eye and spring of knee;  
I have one in mind, a piano tuner,  
When nothing to do, 'tis said he'd sooner  
(And the man who told me never lied)  
Tighten barbed wire fences on the side.

\* \* \*

Bill-poster—one who knows his place and sticks there.

\* \* \*

A theatrical manager is known by the company he keeps.

\* \* \*

"According to this paper," observed Mr. Cook, "a man has lived a year on beer alone."

"Well, that's how it should be," rejoined Mrs. Cook. "Any man who lives on beer ought to be compelled to live alone."

\* \* \*

Two is company, three is—divorce.

\* \* \*

"Don't be too anxious to get a husband," said the wise matron. "Don't go about hunting for one."

"I suppose you think I should just sit down and wait for one—eh?" replied the maiden.

"Yes, for you'll sit up and wait for one often enough after you've got him."

\* \* \*

Little grains of powder,  
Little drops of paint,  
Make the ladies' freckles  
Look as though they ain't.

**WHAT IS A KISS?**

*Prize answers submitted to a metropolitan daily.*

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavored with love.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love—the oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

Love's one thornless rose.

A report at headquarters.

A thing of use to no one; much prized by two.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The only known smack that will calm a storm.

A telegram to the hearts in which the operator uses the sounding system.

The sweetest labial in the world's language.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun or moon either.

The thunderclap of the lips which inevitably follows the lightning flash of the eyes.

What the child receives free, what the young man steals and what the old man buys.

\* \* \*

There once was a woman called Mrs.,  
Who said: "I don't know what a Krs."

When a young man in haste  
Put his arm 'round her waist  
And murmured: "My darling, why Thrs."

\* \* \*

Let Darwin's weighty volumes stay  
Dust-covered on their shelves;  
Men were not made from monkeys, they  
Make monkeys of themselves.

Be a live wire and you won't get stepped on. It is only the dead ones that are used for door mats.

\* \* \*

Those who have money have trouble about it;  
Those who have none have trouble without it.

\* \* \*

### USELESSNESS OF GIRLS

Wott good is gurls, they want too go along  
with boize ann skreme iff ennything goze wrong.  
u never want um but u alwuz no  
thale tel on u iff u doant lett um go.  
They kant go bairfoot wen u kros thee krick  
they kant gett krabs fur bate itt maiks um sick.  
Thare skairt of todes ann iff u putt a snaik  
on um thale skreme us iff thare harts ud braik.  
thay gott wite aprons on ann shooze ann kurls  
ann think thare hansum, but wott good is gurls.

thare like thee wether fur u never no  
Wott thale doo next thare alwuz changen so.  
thale bust owt krien att thee littulest thing  
ann iff u ar under wenn thay swing  
Thare offul skairt ann holler down too u  
Ule maik um fawl ann kil um iff u doo.  
thare skairt uv todes ann snakes ann mice ann bugs  
Ann beein kist ann getten wett ann huggs,  
gurls is no good ann wimmen folks is wurse,  
no wunder menn is gruf ole bachelders.

















